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Ramparts—revolution with limousine service

By Ivan Sharpe

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Frederick C. Mitchell, 29-year-old publisher of Ramparts, is somberly reflecting on the expenses run up by the magazine's former president and editorial director, Warren Hinckle.

"Big, big," he says softly. His handsome, boyish face has the look of a betrayed child.

He leans back slowly, fingers drumming on his creaking chair, which suddenly sounds loud in his tiny, cluttered office. The window is fiercely bright with sunlight and the murmur of cars and tourists from nearby Fisherman's Wharf floats through clearly.

Then he looks up and a light smile instantly wipes aside the pensive look. "Are those what I think they are?" he asks eagerly.

He glances happily at the green slip handed to him by a casually-dressed employee who has walked in. It is a payroll check for \$318.55. The publisher is like a small boy who has just been given a raise in his pocket money.

Mitchell, unassuming, likable university professor who sunk an inheritance from his grandfather of nearly half a million dollars into Ramparts, was getting his first salary check in four months.

Ramparts has been in desperate financial trouble before. Once in 1965 it came within one day of having to close its doors. Mitchell's first \$100,000 saved it then. He may save it again, but not this time with his money. Mitchell had never invested more than \$20 before Ramparts, but he plunged his inherited fortune into the magazine.

Ramparts is in voluntary bankruptcy and the Federal Court has agreed to a financial reorganization that would keep its numerous creditors—from Dr. Spock at \$50 to Eldridge Cleaver at \$805 to PT&T at \$19,000—from immediately trying to collect debts of nearly \$2 million.

The new Ramparts may look no different (except for fewer expensive, full-color pages), its tongue will be, if anything, more biting (the next issue will have an expose of CIA infiltration into black capitalism), its emphasis will be less Hincklish

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Ramparts in
Chicago—
Scheer gassed
in the streets,
Hinckle
parties 15
floors up



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How PG&E robs S.F. of cheap power

By J.B. Neilands

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A few months before he died last year, Franck Havenner sat up in his bed in a nursing home in San Francisco and told me of how the Pacific Gas & Electric Co. swindled San Francisco out of hundreds of millions of dollars of cheap hydroelectric power.

The story was incredible: PG&E and its political allies had defeated eight successive bond issues to establish a municipal el-

ectric system in San Francisco and grant city residents and businesses the benefit of low cost power produced by the city's Hetch Hetchy water system in the Sierras.

The result: San Francisco has paid through the nose to PG&E for its power and the city loses about \$30 million a year in profits it would get from a public system.

Havenner, longtime SF supervisor and later a U.S. representative, said: "In the beginning, we had the support of some newspa-

pers, but in the end the PG&E was able to buy them all out with their newspaper ads."

The PG&E/newspaper/political combination got stronger with each bond issue. Today, you never hear about the city's sacred pledges to build a public power system.

How could this happen? How could Sacramento, Los Angeles, Palo Alto and a dozen other California cities get their own lucrative electric distribution systems when SF couldn't even get one

when it had its own power? More: How could this happen when it is a specific condition of federal law for San Francisco, unlike any other American city, to build its own municipal electric distribution system?

Abe Ruef's graft in 1906 was peanuts, birdseed, compared to this.

The story goes back to the turn of the century when San Francisco desperately needed an adequate

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'Ramparts was one big, crazy deal,' says Hinckle

—continued from page 1

sensational muckracking brandished in New York Times ads, more Robert Scheerish political analysis.

But inside the magazine's airy, \$1400-a-month, bayside suite at 4951 Beach St., a barber bones look will prevail. Mitchell has slashed the staff from 25 to 16, ruthlessly halved salaries (Scheer's pay is cut from \$15,000 to \$10,000) and drastically pared expenses.

No more sumptuous hotel suites (in debts alone: Chicago's Ambassador, \$2,536, for the convention; New York's Regency, \$824; St. Regis Sheraton, \$1,267; Hilton, \$121; Washington's Sheraton Carlton, \$258, and Shoreham, \$532; LA's Statler Hilton, \$602). No more limousine service for executives (as Hinckle had in New York). No more big restaurant tabs (debts: Andre's, \$144; Vanessi's, \$504).

No more wives traveling first class with husbands (as did the Hinckles and the Scheers.) No more big promotion parties in New York (thousands at the Algonquin alone).

Hinckle in 1968 raised \$20,000 or so, I was told, but his expense account for a 30-day period was bigger than that. Said former publisher Ed Keating, "Check the expense accounts of Scheer and Hinckle for years 1965-1968 and you will see the most diabolic, systematic bloodletting... Bob Scheer and his wife traveling on a deal, something like \$2,500 to \$5,000 to be paid back at \$25 a month on a promissory note. It's ridiculous."

Hinckle's lavish parties and soaring expenses (perhaps \$250,000 in three years, but nobody seems to know for certain) were regarded suspiciously by many staff members and by readers following Che Guevara in the

jungles and black militants in the ghettos.

This clash of styles vividly splashed forth last August at the Chicago Democratic Convention: Scheer in the streets with the demonstrators, Hinckle high above in the Ambassador hotel before a television set. It prompted an irrevocable split between Scheer and Hinckle (who, with art director Dugald Stermer, were Ramparts' ruling triumvirate) and touched off events leading to Hinckle's resignation and final tour de force.

Mitchell calls it "a horror story." Hinckle's idea was to produce a daily wall poster for the National Mobilization Committee. Only a handful of editorials were ever produced and

as much a Ramparts constant as had the magazine's dissenting editorial stance. When Scheer raked the Vietnam coals, Hinckle complained the magazine was getting too political. When Hinckle then wrote about "women power," Mitchell and Scheer thought he was silly and shrill. "I was overseas at the time," Scheer told me. "Had I been here, it wouldn't have run." For Hinckle, many staffers lamented, a story wasn't a story until it could command a full page New York Times ad.

"Ramparts was one big, crazy deal," said Hinckle in our interview. "We were always broke and staving off disaster. It was one mad, zany thing after another. The staff wanted serious political analysis, but I didn't give a damn. It would still be something like the Berkeley Barb if it had been left to them."

Scheer said less forcefully:

"There was always tension in Ramparts between Warren's cynicism and the people who were serious in their political concern. Warren is very much the big city news reporter, pragmatic and cynical, believing that basically the world is corrupt and nothing can change that."

Mitchell leaned to Scheer's views. "I think we'd like the magazine to be exciting and vital—whatever that means—but rather more analytical and less concerned with tub thumping."

Whatever Ramparts is now or will become, Ed Keating doesn't like it. Keating, 42, is bitter and angry, not unreasonably so since he and his wife poured all the money they had, about \$800,000, into it. Hinckle forces then ousted him even though he held some 47 per cent of the stock.

"Since I left," he said, "all it's done is lose people, lose writers, lose circulation and lose the important thing I had going for that magazine. And that is integrity. I'm ashamed of the magazine and I want nothing to do with it."

The Atherton attorney, emphasizing everything he said could be quoted and that he would enjoy nothing better than a good libel suit, bored in: "I hope Hinckle gets what he deserves and that Scheer gets exposed."

Hinckle, he said, was an "insecure opportunist." Scheer, who Hinckle had hired "over my violent protests," is an "exploiter" and a "predator." Scheer had a saying at one time: "Join Ramparts and become a celebrity."

Keating talks with a blunt relish for expletives that rivals Hinckle's. Both are Catholic and, as a mutual observer commented, have in them "the poisons of piety."

Keating, aristocratic, wealthy and Stanford-educated, and Hinckle, caustic, flamboyant, a legend as the Foghorn editor at USF who threw typewriters against the wall, called his thrice-weekly paper the "city's fourth daily" and ran up \$20,000 a year bills, met a year before Ramparts' first issue.

Enter disagreeing

Hinckle then was the anchor-man for a one-room public relations outfit called Barth, Hughes and Hinckle. Keating recalls:

"His proposal on how to launch Ramparts was so ludicrous, so embarrassing and so pathetic I had to fire him. He wanted to hold a giant cocktail party in New York attended by a two-bit actress called Rita Gam."

Hinckle then reported for the Chronicle where, despite his colorful shirts, suspenders, Edwardian



Ed Keating and Warren Hinckle of Ramparts

clothes and a roistering Irish image, he was considered a snob with a scornful disdain for civil rights demonstrators.

When Ramparts began publishing a five-times-a-year "quarterly," Keating brought Hinckle back as a part-time, \$125-a-month promoter. It was a "gargantuan mistake," Keating now says.

Ramparts had 2,551 subscribers in October, 1964, when Hinckle persuaded Keating to publish a monthly and lower the price from \$2 to 75¢. Hinckle left the Chronicle on a leave of absence. Keating realized he was going to run out of money by early the next year, but he felt he couldn't, and wouldn't, try to raise it himself (though staffers tell humorous stories of how Keating spent a day with Steve Allen at poolside at Allen's house in Encino, but couldn't bring himself to ask him for money, and how he went to see Playboy's Hugh Hefner...).

Crack in the door

But Keating was no money raiser and so, his fatal flaw coinciding with his fatal mistake, he put Hinckle to the task.

Even Keating admits Hinckle had an amazing knack for raising money: "an instinct like a weather-vane to point where the money is," as Keating put it.

Meanwhile, Mitchell, then a graduate student at Cal, had wandered onto the scene like a lost lamb. He liked Ramparts, he wanted to invest money and so Hinckle and adman Howard Gossage "seduced him up in the firehouse," as Keating put it. They persuaded Mitchell to put in \$100,000, saying it would be used to loosen Keating's control of the magazine. Gossage had been brought into the magazine by Hinckle for promotional help. His spiffy offices on Pacific St. are housed in an old SF firehouse.

Says Keating: "We were so close to closing down on Thursday or Friday that, honest to God, if Mitchell's money hadn't come in that weekend we'd have had to close the doors on Monday."

"They threw a deal at me that was the most vicious thing I have ever seen in my life. Hinckle and the people around him smell blood. I had an option to see that magazine close on Monday morning or give up vast amounts of money...."

"Hinckle pulled a power play. He said, look, Mitchell is not going to put any money into this magazine so long as you're running it. He said Mitchell thinks you're crazy. The only way he will put money into the magazine is if I run it."

And out the other

Keating, defeated, despairing and staggered at the coup's audacity, was forced to accept Hinckle's terms. His name remained

on the masthead as publisher, but his power was reduced and Hinckle and Scheer were left in editorial and financial control of the magazine. Mitchell didn't know it then, but his \$100,000 was used immediately to pay debts and "we were broke again," as Keating put it.

A few months later in February, 1966, Hinckle was planning to move the magazine's offices from Menlo Park to lower Broadway in San Francisco—without bothering to consult or notify Keating. Hinckle had arranged the lease, paid the first month's rent and organized the move. The magazine was broke again and Keating, when he discovered Hinckle's plans, angrily called the bank, stopped payment on the check and threatened to fire Hinckle.

"There was a big scene," I was told, "and Keating caved in to Hinckle and from that moment on Keating was out of the operation and Hinckle was in full control."

The magazine grew slicker and brighter, with the help of the immensely talented Stermer, and it rocketed to national fame on its major stories: U.S. Catholic involvement in Vietnam, the Vietnam Lobby, the Michigan State University project, CIA involvement with the National Students Association. They were largely produced by Scheer through his New Left contacts and the research he did in 1964 on a Vietnam pamphlet for the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions at Santa Barbara.

The first to speak

Scheer had been a politically liberal economics student at the University of California, Berkeley, but was known among radical contemporaries as "the Red-baiter," the anti-communist. His attitude began changing after a trip to Cuba in 1960 with a student group. His book, "Cuba an American Tragedy," criticized the U.S. for mistaken judgments on Cuba.

Then, shortly after Diem's overthrow, Scheer went to Vietnam on a Center grant. What he saw in Cuba and Vietnam began to form a pattern for him.

"I realized I had been overly influenced by the Cold War and had underestimated the U.S. as an imperialistic power," he told me. Scheer's Center report was the first major critique of U.S. involvement, formed the basis for many Ramparts exposes and launched him as an articulate New Left spokesman.

Circulation rocketed past 200,000, but expenses kept pace and Hinckle and his editors had to "dash about the country," as he put it in a publisher's note, to keep new capital flowing in. It did come in: from Mitchell (up to \$500,000); from SF advertising

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JUVENILE HALL

By Jean Burnham

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She was 16, black, and described as "90 pounds soaking wet." Her address was 375 Woodside Ave., San Francisco's Youth Guidance Center. She had begun her career there at the age of two, had been passed around from foster home to foster home.

Mentally retarded, her records say (an I.Q. of 62), and emotionally disturbed. And no one gave a damn.

After supposedly attacking a burly woman supervisor, she was transferred to the delinquency units. Again she "attacked" a counselor and was committed to Youth Authority; she was sent to County Jail to await placement.

She'd been in county jail several weeks when attorneys from Neighborhood Legal Assistance Foundation found out about her. They petitioned Judge Frances McCarty for a writ of habeas corpus, charging cruel and inhuman treatment. The petition was denied, but the girl was removed and sent to Youth Authority before an appeal could be filed. That was in March, 1967. "As far as I know," her attorney told me, "she's still there."

A black woman I talked to told me of turning in her son, Steve, 15. "He was spending all kinds of time with the hippies 'cause they were nicer to him than anyone he'd ever known. But I was frightened they'd put him on to drugs, and I figured a spell in YGC might change his attitudes.

"It was a kangaroo court," she said. The Legal Aid attorney introduced himself immediately before the hearing. In court, the probation officer recommended that Steve be committed for six months to Log Cabin, a rehabilitation center in San Mateo County. The judge and the attorney agreed. When the mother tried to protest, the attorney asked her to step out in the hall for a few minutes.

"When we came back in," she recalled, "it was all over. The case was closed."

Steve was in YGC about a month before his hearing, another two months before placement at Log Cabin for another nine months before he ran away home.

Now he will be locked up for another three months in YGC to pay for running away and will go home with a long court record. All because his mother was afraid he might use drugs.

In some courtrooms, it is made perfectly clear to the minor and his attorney that the po-

'Knowing
what's
going on
there
makes my
stomach
hurt'

--says an
investigator

lice will be believed under all circumstances and that the minor will never be believed if his story is inconsistent.

"I saw this myself in a case not long ago where it was shown, through testimony corroborated by members of the black community, that certain police officers had harassed and provoked the minors in a series of incidents involving obscenities and racial slurs. The minors were disbelieved, after a one-word denial from one of the police officers..."

"At the conclusion of the hearing, one of the minors, having just been committed to the California Youth Authority, went berserk and was dragged from the courtroom in a strait jacket. I would say that the chances of rehabilitating that particular minor are now practically zero."

--E. Myron Bull,
1968 Chairman of the Bar
Association's Juvenile Court
Committee

A JUVENILE HALL "shall not be in, or connected with any jail, or prison, and shall not be deemed to be nor treated as a penal institution... It shall be conducted in all respects as nearly like a home as possible." (Section 851, California Welfare and Institutions Code)

The biggest crimes at San Francisco's Youth Guidance Center are being young and being helpless--as one probation officer explained it to me: "It's hard to tell the difference between discrimination against black kids and discrimination against kids in general."

From the outside, YGC is quite a harmless looking place, like an old post office or a

school nestled among green grass and shrubs just off Portola Ave. on Twin Peaks. However, once inside the maze-like building, one loses all sense of direction. There are three levels, and at the top is an open space with a chapel in the middle. Some sort of low green growth is planted nearby in honor of the Girl Scouts.

The grass is never walked on, though there is a desperate need for recreational space.

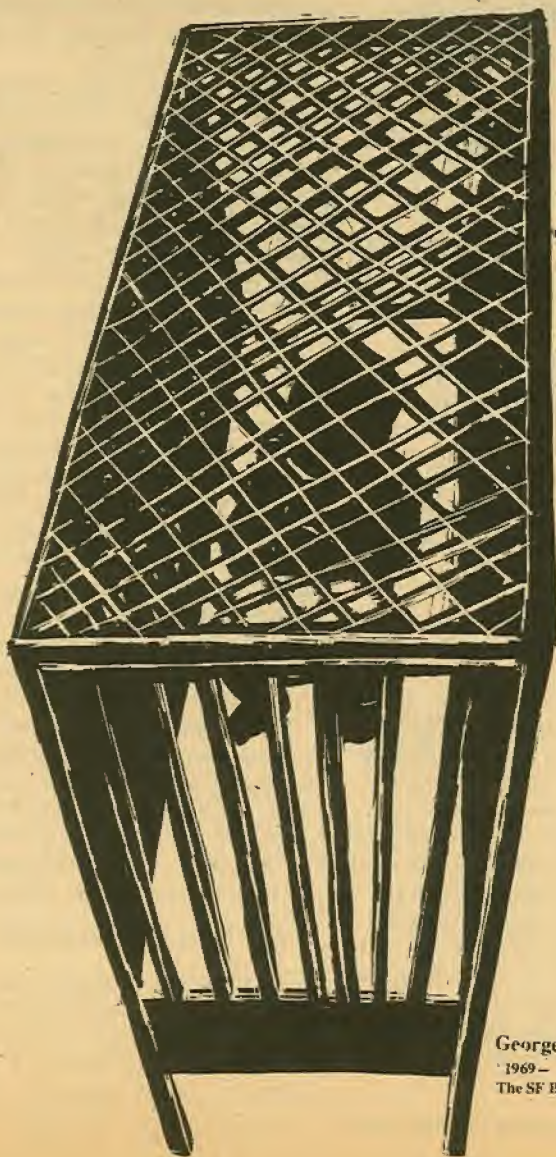
The 1954 facility, usually filled to twice its capacity, takes in both dependent and delinquent children. Excluding non-San Franciscans, about two-thirds are black.

Dependents include the homeless child, the abandoned, the neglected, the illegitimate, the child with "unfit" parents. Delinquents include the rapist and the runaway, the arsonist and the habitual truant, the hardened "repeater" and the child "beyond parental control" (Section 601 offense).

There is heavy security in all departments: even dependent children are locked in their cells ("rooms") at night, and locked out of them in the day. They are locked into their classrooms. Brothers and sisters can't visit each other. Parents are discouraged from visiting by short, inflexible daytime visiting hours. Friends and teachers are almost never permitted to visit.

I recently requested and was refused a tour of YGC facilities, even though tours are given all the time--"sometimes two or three groups a day," a staff member told me. Those who get tours are carefully screened, I later found.

Superintendent Robert Foote told me he'd discussed the matter with Chief Juvenile Probation Officer Elmer Gaetgen and had decided a tour "wouldn't be possible." First, he said, because of extensive renovations



George Gardiner
1969 -
The SF Bay Guardian Co., Inc.

going on.

"Also, we have a very heavy tour schedule," Foote said. I asked if I could join up with another tour group. "No," he replied, "I have my instructions."

After many weeks of investigating YGC, Foote's refusal did not surprise me. His "instructions," perhaps, date back to early 1966.

It was in February, 1966, that the Macidon case splashed across the front pages of local newspapers. The case involved a 12-year-old boy, one of several involved in stealing a girl's purse containing 35¢. After remaining free for five weeks, the boy suddenly was arrested and locked up in Juvenile Hall.

It was revealed that the late Judge Raymond J. O'Connor, who had been presiding over Juvenile Court for less than a

year, had issued a blanket order for detention proceedings to be started for every youth charged with a felony.

By law, detention is at the discretion of the probation officer.

The District Court of Appeals ruled that O'Connor had "exceeded the bounds of his legal discretion." The Superior Court of San Francisco (of which O'Connor was a member) joined in severely censuring him. Various groups and individuals stepped forward to criticize O'Connor for his punitive policies and demand his removal from the Juvenile Court bench. The criticism was frank, public, and often damning.

In April, the O'Connor forces struck back on all fronts.

O'Connor told the Commonwealth Club that 1961 revisions in juvenile law emphasizing treatment over punishment were the chief cause of juvenile crime. The Juvenile Hall Counselors Association publicly endorsed the judge's policies. The Grand Jury endorsed these policies as "firm but fair." The judge issued a directive ordering full compliance with laws on detention. The California PTA gave the Judge an honorary life membership as a reward for his work with children.

Juvenile crime dropped 16 per cent, reported Ernie Lenn in the Examiner, and the police were saying the Judge was responsible. Lenn, a close personal friend of O'Connor's, began an expert public relations/white-wash which continues to the present day.

O'Connor was gradually transformed, perhaps exalted, into a JUDGE, and it seemed that anyone who attacked a JUDGE or called a JUDGE a bigot might not be all American, or at least not right in the head.

By August of that year, Carolyn Anspacher of the Chronicle was writing about the "watchful and compassionate gaze of Judge Raymond J. O'Connor." The lid was down on YGC.

Even now the prestigious Bay Area Social Planning Council, a private organization funded by the United Bay Area Crusade, proceeds on tiptoe in its reform

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South of the Tropic of Sanity

For the last two quarters I've been at the University of California at Santa Barbara teaching two bits, one called "Poetry and Song," where people listen to student erotic and protest songs from the Carmina Burana to Joni Mitchell or MC5 and then go do likewise; the other, "Creative Problems in Poetry."

We live near the beach in Montecito. It has all been quite an experience.

There really is nothing more to say about the Santa Barbara stories of the year, the floods and the oil leak--except--never forget that all this flood damage that goes on in Southern California is due solely to land abuse, planlessness and crooked sewer, storm drain and street contracting.

South of the Tropic of Sanity you enter a land where everybody is a used car salesman, and Lazy Fairy has gone stark raving mad. Also it's of course the home of the WASP, where the most frightful abuses, predatory savagery, destruction of the environment, racism, covetousness and plain thievery are all glossed over with the slimy saccharine slobber of the Social Lie.

To put it succinctly--Santa Barbara pretty well represents the J. Walter Thompson Administration which now has in its evil hands the greatest concentration of power over nations and the minds of men in history: Ghengis Khan clipped from the top of a Crispies box.

The oil--as you know, the Secretary of the Interior in the Alamo Administration has turned the beautiful Santa Barbara Channel into a Dead Sea. Of course, it is Democratic oil--so the cat-paw of the other consortium that is out to do the same thing to the Arctic Ocean is talking loud and carrying a big stick...of bubble gum.

Meanwhile, the bossman of the Board of Regents is suing the public. The Pauley interests are now counter-attacking the suits against the oil companies. It is all very much as though a hydrogen bomb had gone off in New York, made by Democrats, shortly after a Republican took office.

Up in the morning ...

The University at Santa Barbara is a pedagogic backwater the likes of which is hard to find. It is totally dominated by the German academic wissenschaft philosophy that came to a terrible end in 1933.

"I am Herr Doktor, do as I say. Don't do as I do." There is the same pretense to lofty, pure, Neo-Kantian scholarship, the same unbridgeable gulf between students and professors--except for a few F and F experts who overdose themselves with geriatric pills--the Erector Set, Froebel, Montessori, Homer Lane, A.S. Neill, Herbert Read, Paul Goodman--it's been going on for hundreds of years, the educational revolution, but they never heard of it.

With many exceptions, the scholarship is fraudulent, the harvest of the GI Bill doctorates... what is really civilservitis. They are exactly like the orderlies in the bug ward at SF General where I worked all through the war--the patient is a numbered bed, harboring an enemy--but a powerless enemy.

All the counts is an old time clock--and the nonsensical chains of power built through years of meaningless infighting. You soon learn that "scholar" is a seven letter word meaning "I flunk Negroes."

Attached to the University is a ghetto called Isla Vista. When

Everybody is
a used car
salesman,
Ghengis Khan
is clipped
from the top
of a
Crispies box

the school moved to its present site, a sandpit a good many miles from town, it possessed one of the most beautiful locations in the world. The student residential quarter was planned by a few idealists to be kind of a William Morris Utopia, finer by far than the Cite Universitaire in Paris, and with the same foundation monies available.

Creeping communism

The local Chamber of Commerce, Lions Club, Real Estate Board, American Legion, etc., all screamed "Creeping Communism" and the land was turned over to that old queen, Lazy Fairy.

It is one of the worst slums in California. At least Hunters Point is part of an incorporated city and subject to a few regulations, sanitary inspections and bonafide fire and police departments. Like al-

**KENNETH
REXROTH**

Kenneth Rexroth, a Guardian columnist for two years, wrote this column after he made a study on Santa Barbara for the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. Recently, he was voted into the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

most all the smaller towns in Santa Barbara County, Lazy Fairy has insisted that Isla Vista stay unincorporated.

Decent civic regulation is one of those Rooshian ideas, like Free Love. The place is policed by Sheriff's deputies. Having seen lots of Western pictures, you know what that means. There are several hamburger and chile joints, but no restaurant. Maybe it's as well since there's no health department. There is literally nothing for students to do, except masturbate and listen to records, and the walls are so thin that if you try to nail up a picture the hammer goes clear through.

These slums, many of them, are owned by members of the faculty and administration. Student housing at the university is in the hands of a former real estate operator from IV. The tax advantages of all this finagle are apparent. Rats and mice almost overwhelmed the place during the

floods. Students move in and find beds infested with vermin, including crab lice--and poor WASPS, they don't even know what they are.

This could go on for pages. Bear in mind, these conditions represent Herr Doktor Wissenschaft acting in loco parentis, and making money at it too.

There are a handful of Black students, mostly EOP from Watts and other California ghettos, one of them Vallejo Kennedy, perhaps the best of the "Watts Poets." He was recruited at great trouble from another school for the so-called Creative College, and he flunked out because he simply could not get interested in pre-digested Yvor Winters, William Carlos Williams and Wallace Stevens.

He's still at school, but he is for some inexplicable reason, getting terribly militant. O dear. He is also under indictment, along with all the rest of the BSU leadership for conspiracy to receive stolen property, drugs, resisting officers, and a whole mess of other charges--now turned into "conspiracy to commit."

This is one of the most scandalous episodes in the present war on Black Students, but since the news is controlled by the local paper, it has never been spread on the wires. Very few people in Santa Barbara know about it.

But as for myself

As for my own classes--they are great. I am working with the underprivileged, upper middle class WASPS from Slurburbia. It is definitely remedial education. The workshops are run like coffee shops.

I tell Red Fox and Moms Mabley jokes between sets. People sing really terrific songs they have written--some blues, some city billy, mostly Donovan-Collins-Mitchell-Cohen type things. We play lots of Cafe Chantant records from Brassens to Marc Moro, from Montero to Eva or Barbara, and I read translations.

Mexican songs, fados, Japanese or Swedish rock, USA or MCS records or tapes. The quality of the stuff produced is dumbfounding. I thought most of them were pros with ambitions to make Fillmore East.

On the contrary, they'd never done anything like this before. The buried creative potential under all the dreck of the mind-destroying middle class culture from which they have come is incredible. When it is over, I don't grade them--they grade me and themselves.

This year in Santa Barbara has taught me the nature and the root of the lethal crisis of the soul overwhelming Western civilization and all the meanings of the Youth Revolt and the Counter Culture. I've been writing about it for years. I've been, along with Paul Goodman, one of its leading theoreticians. Now I know.

We are all sliding down an avalanche of an utterly morally intolerable civilization into extinction. As of now, even in Paris, let alone Garrison State College, run by that old silent star Sessue Hayakawa who used to specialize in playing hatchet men, we have only been on the defensive, fighting back in a rearguard action--just as in Prague.

As Le Monde Concentrationnaire USA, decorated like a baseball field with posters by J. Walter Thompson, shuts down around us, we have got to find out how to define our objectives so clearly that we can take the offensive. It is the guerrilla culture against Empire, but Che proved:

You can't begin to fight unless you know who are your friends and enemies, and what you want.

THE END



Why can't James Kennedy Carr find anyone willing to accept his new \$30-35,000 a year jobs in the PUC? He offered one job (director of transportation) to an eastern 'expert' in transit matters, who took one look at San Francisco's uncertain political climate and said no thanks. Others may be turned off by Carr's insistence on running a one-star shop. At the PUC, where Carr's clippings accumulate at an alarming rate in a set of bound volumes, there's only one personality, and that's Carr. Even the commission president, though nominally the boss, gets a small potatoes press by comparison.

One of Alioto's main problems in his first year has been the chosen anonymity of his executive secretary, John DeLuca. He is virtually unknown in City Hall, though he has been the man to see for more than a year. Key department heads know DeLuca, but many department heads and nearly all the city's force of some 20,000 workers do not. Some of his predecessors in the office, for other mayors of course, were so well known they drifted into other city jobs when their mayors left office. In fact, it could be argued that Bob Dolan at the Board of Supervisors, Red Kane at the Housing Authority and Pete Trimble at the same agency are among the few who know where all the City Hall skeletons are buried.

Among expected outside candidates for five supervisorial seats this year: Diane Feinstein, the jail critic, and Ben Martinez, leader of the Mission Coalition. If Mrs. Feinstein runs, she could split the support and (more important) the money of Jack Morrison. Her supporters believe Morrison has lost much of the past year building a base in the Mission district, largely among the Latino community there. If he doesn't run this year, he would have to consider 1971, when the Board's only Latin member, Bob Gonzales, is also up for election. One thing the Mission community doesn't want is two men splitting votes and money.

Look for opposition of the strongest kind from many city bureaucrats to the proposals for Charter revision. Many look on any change as a threat, particularly when the change would strengthen the hand of elected officials while weakening their own.

Why did San Francisco's 2,000 exceedingly well rewarded bus and streetcar drivers and conductors vote to strike in support of 133 supervisors? Why did city officials wait for the crisis before moving? Why did the Transportation Workers Union even threaten physical violence?

Answers are interwoven and involve such unexpected factors as race, organizational exercise and BART as a future plum.

First, the TWU is perhaps the city's only predominantly black union. Look at the driver next time you board the Muni. Chances are 7 in 10 he's black.

Add to this a strong streak of black militancy among drivers and we have a situation in which a union capable of crippling the city wants to demonstrate that a black-dominated labor organization can throw its weight around as well as white unions. For this year, as it turned out, even better.

As for union piecards, including white officials from St. Louis and New York, their interest lies not in race, but in the future.

The TWU shortly will be locked in an organizational struggle with the nation's other big transport workers unions for bargaining rights with BART (and the dues-paying ability of several thousand BART workers).

When the TWU begins the in-fighting with Amalgamated Transit Union (which has jurisdiction with AC Transit in Oakland) and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen (which has the bus drivers in Los Angeles), it wants to point to the well paid and well fringed San Francisco transit workers as an example of what TWU wants to do for BART workers.

Well, well. Jack Shelley got his payoff for stepping out of the 1967 mayor's race in favor of Joe Alioto. He got the plush \$28,000 a year job as the city's lobbyist in Sacramento. Only The Guardian printed the story at the time, but a gilded coterie of local Democrats put together a \$150,000 deal, payable to Shelley's employer over a five-year period in private life, to lure him out of the race.

Then: the deal fell through after the election. Why take money out of private business when political payoffs can be put on the taxrolls with a big expense account? Nobody even bothered to ask if Shelley's health had improved since his sudden illness during the campaign.

When the military resorts to antiquated and irrelevant mutiny charges in its continuing repression of dissent within its ranks, it is small wonder: the military establishment is being shaken to its bootstraps. Threatened with unionization, political and social determination at home, the military now faces an internal upheaval that may well permanently alter its entire concept.

Parts of the diagnosis: Twenty-six per cent of the United States Marine Corps is now either absent without leave (AWOL) or serving time in brig and stockades for AWOL. Total military AWOL's are near 250,000. At the Oakland induction center, 300 men are called every day and only 100 are expected to show.

How PG&E swindles San Francisco

Hetch Hetchy's multi-million dollar scandal

City generates its own power in the sierras

PG&E prevents SF from getting this power

— continued from page 1

water supply. Fifteen alternate sites were crossed off before Mayor Phelan filed for water rights on the Tuolumne River with money from his own pocket. Unfortunately, however, the site lay inside Yosemite National Park and the proposed dam would flood exquisite Hetch Hetchy Valley.

Conservationists were furious and John Muir raged: "Dam Hetch Hetchy! As well dam for water tanks the people's cathedrals and churches; for no holier temple has ever been consecrated to the heart of man." Understandably, Congress was reluctant to grant the brutal intrusion into Yosemite.

The impasse was resolved by Rep. John Edward Raker, from the state's second (Mountain) district. He proposed to let San

poration or association" for resale could result in revocation of the federal grant.

Water, not power

In developing water, San Francisco has observed reasonable compliance with the Raker Act on the record. It has had little trouble passing expensive water bond issues to construct the enormous Hetch Hetchy system of pipes and tunnels that delivers the water across the Central Valley, under San Francisco Bay and into the Peninsula's Crystal Springs Reservoir. There's been no reluctance to "go into the water business" in San Francisco.

In developing power, however, San Francisco has gone up against fortress PG&E and has failed miserably in complying with the Raker Act. Ickes was here on Oct.

had a substation and here, conveniently and in obvious anticipation of a new energy load, PG&E had just laid a trans-Bay, high voltage cable to span the remaining 35 miles to San Francisco.

Although the city had purchased enough copper wire to complete the Hetch Hetchy line, word suddenly rocketed from city hall that further construction funds were exhausted. San Francisco's two power companies, Great Western and PG&E, refused to sell their systems to the city, and the board, instead of using eminent domain to acquire them, approved a contract on July 1, 1925, to hand over Hetch Hetchy power to PG&E at Newark. The copper wire was stored quietly in a SF warehouse and 10 years later sold for scrap.

The big sellout

It was a sellout worthy of chronicling by Lincoln Steffens and Frank Norris. The city produces the power, but PG&E grabs it for wholesale, then wheels it into the city at exorbitant retail rates. As the San Francisco Examiner then observed:

"It is a wrongful and shameful policy for a grant of water and power privilege in the Yosemite National Park Area to be developed at the expenditure of \$50 million by the taxpayers of San Francisco, only to have its greatest financial and economic asset, the hydroelectric power, diverted to private corporation hands at the instant of completion; to the great benefit of said private corporation, and at an annual deficit to the city of San Francisco."

In the 1925 city election, every incumbent supervisor was defeated who voted for the 1925 contract and presided over the establishment of PG&E's tollgate at Newark. The people wanted public power and the new board determined the city should bond itself in whatever amount necessary to buy out PG&E and get it.

The first \$2 million bond issue in 1925 fell before a powerful PG&E onslaught, but it still got 52,216 for, 50,727 against (two-thirds needed for passage). In all from 1925 to 1941, PG&E's enormous political influence defeated eight bond propositions to buy all or part of PG&E distribution properties.

To defeat the bonds, Havenner told a congressional committee in 1942, that PG&E had spent at least \$200,000 in the previous 10 years;

Ickes broke the amount down further: \$11,876 in 1935; \$25,330 in 1937; \$59,755 in 1939 and much, much more in 1941. It now spends hundreds of thousands each year in political and charitable donations.

PG&E's strategy, Ickes testified, was to "spread throughout the city the word that the Raker Act could be easily amended" and to confuse the issue by saying the city "had been discriminated against" by the act (see Ickes box).

PG&E laid it on thick in an ex-

associated with the Hibernia Bank. Mike de Young and his brother founded the Chronicle.)

(Recently a Chronicle story described PG&E president Robert Gerdes as "exceedingly dignified" in the utility's whopping rate hike case before the Public Utilities Commission. His opponent, the distinguished former PUC commissioner, William Bennett, was described as "something" of a representative for consumers.)

His patience exhausted, Ickes meanwhile filed suit in federal court to throw out the PG&E's phony 1927 contract. The case ultimately went to the U.S. Supreme Court which ruled, on April 22, 1940, that San Francisco had been illegally disposing Hetch Hetchy power to PG&E for the past 15 years.

More: that the act required a "publicly owned and operated power system" in San Francisco.

It is difficult, almost impossible I found, to determine how long this illegal sale continued, how much city users were overcharged and what is the city's current legal status. It appears to me, after months of research, that the city is still under a federal court injunction.

A significant sidelight is then Rep. Clair Engle's investigation in 1955 into another diversion of Hetch Hetchy power to PG&E. Engle's biting cross examination of public officials and his ability to disentangle complicated issues proved conclusively that San Francisco was allowing irrigation districts to serve as a conduit to transfer Hetch Hetchy power to PG&E. Engle quoted figures compiled

— continued on page 15

"The disgraceful history of the handling of Hetch Hetchy power should place a new ugly verb in the lexicon of political chicanery. 'To Hetch Hetchy' means 'to confuse and confound the public by adroit acts and deceptive words in order to turn to private corporate profit a trust set up for the people'."

"I need not repeat the scandalous story that has given birth to this new verb, but I would remind you that the last chapter of it has not been written. The pledge that the people of San Francisco, with full knowledge, made to their government has not yet been redeemed". INTERIOR SECRETARY HAROLD ICKES TO THE COMMONWEALTH CLUB IN 1944

Francisco take the water from Yosemite, but in the process generate and distribute low-cost hydroelectric power.

It was the only federal grant of its kind ever made by Congress and it is certain, as Interior Secretary Harold Ickes later emphasized, that it would never have been made without crucial conditions: that both water and power go directly to consumers; and that no profits whatsoever from this unprecedented public grant go to private utilities.

The act's language was explicit (see chronology, 1912) and there was no doubt, among supporters or opponents, about the public power intent of Congress. Thus, on the floor debate:

"Mr. Sumners: Is it the purpose of this bill to have San Francisco supply electric power and water to its own people?"

"Mr. Raker: Yes."

"Mr. Sumners: Or to supply these corporations, which will in turn supply the people?"

"Mr. Raker: Under this bill, it is to supply its own inhabitants first..."

Muir and other militant conservationists were bitterly disappointed by the Raker Act and the loss of Hetch Hetchy, but other conservationists, like Sen. George Norris of Nebraska, considered it a reasonable compromise.

The Raker Act was the Magna Carta for cheap public power. It was thought to be tightly drawn in the public interest and virtually impervious to subversion by private power trusts. Its basic intent was to establish a municipal power distribution system in San Francisco, but it also allowed the sale of power to public agencies and recognized the prior claims of the nearby Turlock and Modesto Irrigation Districts.

However, the Act stipulated, in strict terms especially irritating to the private power lobby, that any attempt to transfer the water or power to a "person, cor-

24, 1934, for the celebration of the first flow of Hetch Hetchy water to reach Crystal Springs. He mused in his diary:

"San Francisco also develops power from this water.... Unfortunately, private utilities have such a grip on San Francisco that it cannot actually sell its own power to users in San Francisco. I held there was a violation of the Act...the newspapers and most of the politicians have seen to it, by propaganda and other devious methods, that a method of complying with the Act has been defeated."

Norris lamented in his biography that, as a supporter of the Raker Act, he had "underestimated the resourcefulness" of PG&E. "When I spoke so hopefully and so confidently (not only I but many others) it was incredible that a great utility could control the policies of city government in San Francisco...to defeat the original spirit and purpose of Hetch Hetchy. But it has done all this."

PG&E moved in early and has prevented the full public development of Hetch Hetchy power to this day. Hetch Hetchy's first small hydroelectric generator, Early Intake Powerhouse, went on the line in 1918. It was immediately connected to the Sierra and San Francisco Power Co. (later merged into PG&E). Interior declared the accord illegal on June 8, 1923, but nothing was pressed since only a small amount of power was involved.

With the completion of Moccasin Powerhouse in 1925, a substantial block of hydroelectric power became available; to bring the energy to San Francisco as required by the Raker Act, the city began laying a steel tower transmission circuit in the direction of San Francisco.

It was strung all the way to Newark, some 99 miles, but was stopped abruptly at Newark on the east shore of San Francisco Bay. Here, conveniently, PG&E

SEN. LEE METCALF of Montana, a nationally recognized authority on utilities, writes the Guardian:

Political manipulation by power companies is commonplace. Two few accounts of it are published. J. B. Neilands here tells well how Pacific Gas & Electric Co. defied national and local governments and denied Bay Area residents the low cost electric power to which they are entitled by law — and which they can get if they will insist on law enforcement.

(Metcalf is the author of "Overcharge," an exhaustive 1967 study of utilities. He has invited Neilands, a professor of biochemistry at the University of California, Berkeley, to testify at current congressional hearings on public power.)

pensive series of seven ads in the daily press; the press responded by repeating and embellishing the PG&E line. The Chronicle, for example, ran nasty cartoons and editorial comments implying this was all a city hall power grab: "If the city hall were not so busy trying to aggrandize itself by clutching more business to muddle with..."

PG&E's Voice

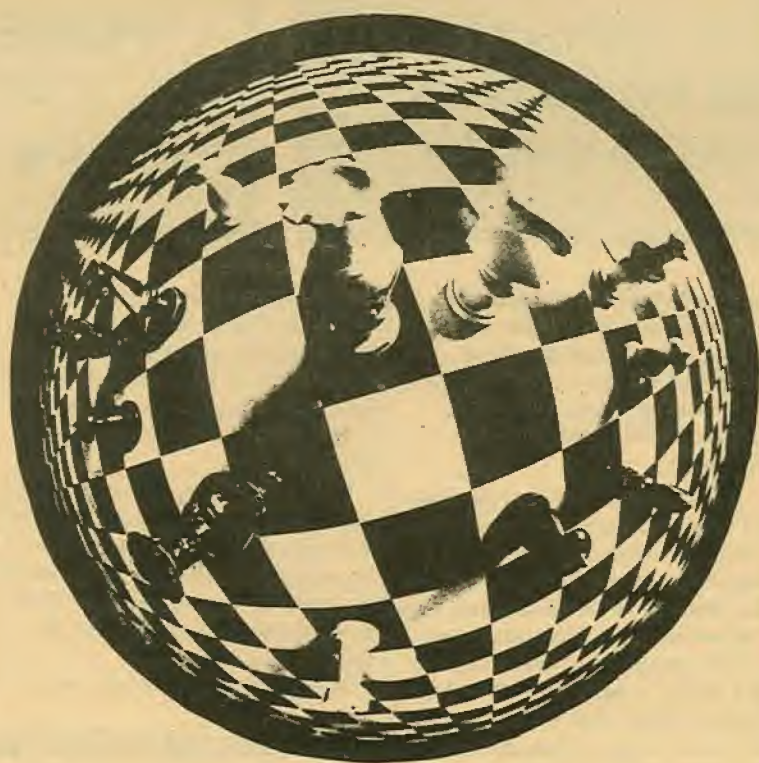
(PG&E maintained close connections with most newspaper managements, but Chronicle/PG&E connections have for decades been intimate through family relationships, notably the Tobin and de Young dynasties. Joseph O. Tobin, who became a Chronicle owner by marrying Mike de Young's daughter, Constance, is a nephew of Joseph S. Tobin, a onetime PG&E director. The Tobins live in Hillsborough and have long been



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The Sierra Club and the complex moves behind the David Brower vision



By Robert A. Jones

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Because it was late Friday afternoon, and because I knew he would have it rehearsed so well, I hadn't expected much. I was right. Sitting with him for over an hour in his Mills Tower office in San Francisco, I had asked David Brower questions from a two-page list that had accumulated during several weeks of research.

The answers came in great length and breadth, but they were rarely answers to the questions I asked. He would have made a beautiful politician, I thought, with all the right talents and none of the bad smell.

I got up to leave. What had seemed simple charges against Brower's leadership of the Sierra Club had become, in but an hour, appallingly complex. Perhaps seeing my disappointment, perhaps even feeling slightly guilty, he said: "The whole thing's like a disease, you know? One that will eventually kill you. By the time you feel the pain, it's already too late. But if you're still curious, you might look at Diablo Canyon. That's where it hurt first."

Diablo Canyon lies in a crescent of private land just west of San Luis Obispo. It is beautiful and wild, at times even haunting. For 11 miles the coast is untouched, having escaped by some marvel both state and highway engineers and real estate developers. For six miles the canyon curls inland, rising into the San Luis Range, but from the coast it seems to stretch forever. The hills are that funny saturated green, a few condors amble in, and from the canyon floor rise some of the largest live oaks in the world.

In a short memo of April, 1966, the Sierra Club Board of Directors voted to surrender Diablo Canyon to the Pacific Gas and Electric Co. and its mammoth six nuclear reactors. At the time, PG&E only admitted to plans for one, and the Club had, with trust and a vague plea for "scenic integrity," decided not to oppose the project. Little was known of Diablo Canyon and in the Club only two of 15 directors--Martin Litton and Frederick Eissler--had seen it.

What you can't see

But Litton was in the Middle East at the time and Eissler's dissent was ignored. The board had objected to PG&E's original site in the Nipomo dunes area, some miles to the south, and felt perhaps an obligation to offer Diablo as an alternative site. Eissler argued that he was the sole director who knew the canyon and pleaded for time. He was over-riden, and the motion to approve construction passed 9-1.

Litton was outraged when he learned of the decision. Several months before, he had seen the canyon's coastline on a survey ship with the National Park Service. Impressed with the beauty of the land, he had left the country hoping Diablo would eventually be added to nearby Montana de Oro State Park. Now, touring the area with those Club officials who would go, Litton and Eissler campaigned for converts. Among them: David Brower, executive director. Litton later remembered, "It seemed to crystallize at that point. We knew the Board was wrong, but we knew we would lose in another vote. The Board had voted away the last 11 miles of untouched coast in California as if it had the right. No one had that right."

The three--Brower, Litton and Eissler--decided to fight. Realizing the Board would never reverse its own decision, Litton proposed a club referendum.

But in 1966 the Sierra Club was undergoing a change that would inflame the Diablo Canyon fight into a more bitter conflict. In the early 1960's, the club had become the Baby Huey of conservation organizations, large, unwieldy and powerful. Using full-page ads in the New York Times, Washington Post, Los Angeles Times and the S.F. Chronicle, it had led, and would soon win, campaigns for a Redwood National and North Cascades National Park. Capitalizing on the ruins of Glen Canyon, now flooded and lost by the Army Corps of Engineers, it had fought--and would soon prevent--a similar dam in the Grand Canyon. "The problems are like rabbits," Brower said, "and it is Spring."

Club membership was increasing at almost 30% a year; the budget had reached into the millions; staff members were subpoenaed to Washington and Congress--finally--was listening. But Diablo Canyon suddenly became a symbol for all the old rivalries and jealousies, and most of the anathema was aimed at Brower.

The Sierra Club Bulletin, the Club's official organ, was shifted from Brower's control to the new volunteer president, Edgar Wayburn. August Frugé, editor of the University of California Press and head of the Club's publishing committee, began to mount opposition to future editions of the Club's picture books, the exhibit format series. When Life magazine ran four full pages on Brower and only casually mentioned the volunteers, directors reacted with public acclaim and private scorn.

Although the men favoring the PG&E construction in Diablo Canyon had wide support among the Club's institutions, they were not enthusiastic. Their case was weak. "It's flora and fauna characteristics are not unique," William Siri, a director, once pleaded, ignoring the fact that areas are rarely preserved because their flora and fauna are unique, but rather because they are beautiful and strategic open spaces. Diablo Canyon was beautiful. The men, Siri, Ansel Adams and Richard Leonard, therefore tarried but shortly on the canyon itself and hurried on to their challenge of Brower's "incredible arrogance." Diablo Canyon, they said, was just another example.

The Directors had decided--democratically, by damn--not to oppose PG&E at Diablo Canyon. And now Brower, a paid employee, was trying to change the decision. They engineered its defeat by forcing a change in the referendum wording to imply that a refutation of the Diablo Canyon decision was a refutation of the Board and, indirectly, of the democratic process.

For Brower, the loss was bitter. To him it seemed an admission that the Club would compromise the land rather than concede a misjudgment. Worse, if the compromise had been inspired by jealousy of his power--and this he believed--then the defeat was personal and a severe concession of authority.

Something Bigger than bickering

Brower had planned for a sort of total force, involving field offices manned by professionals to watch government and industry development in detail, television documentaries to pinpoint crises around the world, film short subjects to accompany feature movies, lobbyists in state and federal legislatures, much more large scale advertising, and, the one in which he would be most intimately involved, a multi-million dollar publishing series of exhibit format books detailing the survival problems of the last pockets of earth's wilderness.

Brower's son, Ken, said of his father, "Sometimes I think he's more of a cause than a man. But whether or not that's true, after Diablo Canyon he was fighting men he had known and mountain-climbed with since his college days. Particularly Siri and Leonard."

If you ask these men now what they think of David Brower, you get the distinct impression they are talking about two men. One was their friend, fighter of the good fight, lover of animals, rivers, mountains, a veritable Smokey the Bear. The other is Machiavellian, who courts disaster for fame, who will turn on anyone at the suspicion of disloyalty, who craves personal empire rather than institutional integrity, who is vengeful and vicious. And if you ask them for specifics, they smile, reach into their briefcases and spread the documentation before you. You look and then smile. It's all so evil.



One Tuesday I drove 30 miles to sit over such a pile of documents at the Stanford Research Institute with Melvin Wright and Kent Dedrick, men of the opposition who had been active for years in the peninsula chapter. Chewing limp sandwiches in a WW II cafeteria, we bent over the pile, three inches high, and devoured them with lunch. There was little doubt: Brower was arrogant, impulsive, dogmatic--and expensive.

There was, for instance, Brower's 10% royalty on the three Sierra Club books (see list of charges). No one had been told; no one would even know now had not one director casually glanced at the last page of the contract. The percentage (actually 10% of all royalties, which were 8% of total sales) seemed small, but it could mean many thousands of dollars over several years to an executive whose \$25,000-a-year salary covered his work on the book program.

But was it true, like he said, that Brower never meant to take the money? Or was that just a trick? The two men smiled, what do you think?

Then, as if from nowhere, a new Club publication appeared in the Fall of 1968. With the removal from the Sierra Club Bulletin, Brower needed a new voice. This was it. Titled the Explorer, Vol. I, No. 4 (where were Nos. 1-3?), a copy was sent to each member of the Club, to newspapers, and government agencies. It had been printed and mailed at Club expense. In its eight pages

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HAVE YOU EVER TRIED THE FINEST?

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The Brower case



Financial Irresponsibility

1. **CHARGE:** Brower quietly paid himself 10% of total royalty from three Sierra Club books for "creativity" services. Brower's \$25,000 a year salary was specifically intended to cover duties as editor of the Club's books.

DEFENSE: The royalty was never meant to be accepted personally, Brower claims. The funds were to be given back to the Club for use in future books. Eliot Porter, photographer for the books in question, affirms that the agreement was made in such a way to insure that funds would be available for future books.

2. **CHARGE:** From a gift to the Club of \$78,000, Brower paid \$5,000 to two employees of the London office for a junket to Africa. Brower had recently fired the men from the office for incompetence. Of the same \$78,000, almost \$40,000 was spent before the monies were actually received.

DEFENSE: Brower claims the \$5,000 was actually paid to finance a proposed book to be produced by the men to whom the funds were paid. The \$40,000 was spent to take advantage of favorable situations in England for production of two Club books, and actually saved the Club thousands of dollars.

3. **CHARGE:** Brower spent \$20,000 for a 1½ page advertisement in the New York Times in violation of Board directives. Brower kept the ad secret from Club officers.

DEFENSE: Brower claims the advertisement in The New York Times was, indeed, authorized in a Board directive giving the executive director authority to "solicit funds" for published books. The ad, in advertising the Galapagos books, conformed to the Board directives.

4. **CHARGE:** Brower failed to account for personal expenses of some \$16,000 during 1967 and 1968. Expenditure of some \$500 a month at "In the Alley," a nearby bar and lunchroom. (Guardian note: \$600 in January)

DEFENSE: Expenditures for "In the Alley" were used for visiting book publishers, conservation officials and others for promotion purposes, Brower said. Money spent was well within averages for an organization of the Club's size. Personal expenses of \$16,000 have been defended as those taken in line of duty.

5. **CHARGE:** In December 1968, Brower spent \$3000 for public relations work in England without consultation or approval. In February, 1966, Brower spent some \$7,400 for unauthorized film about an island in the Indian Ocean. During 1968, he spent \$60,000 in excess of the \$240,000 budget for publications promotion. He gave \$1000 of Sierra Club money to television station KQED in his name. He gave expensive desk calendars totaling \$2,250 to persons never identified though

identification was requested by the publications committee. Other "discretionary" sums for remodeling a New York apartment and eight trips to London in one year.

DEFENSE: According to Brower, these expenses came under his general authority as executive director with the responsibility of insuring the success of Club projects.

6. **CHARGE:** Brower spent "between \$5400 and \$14,400, depending on the way you count the cost," according to controller Clifford Ruddin, for traveling expenses for his party to the Frankfurt, Germany book fair. Paul Brooks, Club director and vice-president of Houghton Mifflin, said his firm sent no representative.

DEFENSE: The Frankfurt book fair acquainted a large market with Sierra Club books, Brower claims. Other publishers may not have used the fair because their products were already well known in Europe. The fair also resulted in large numbers of book sales.

General Arrogance

7. **CHARGE:** In a telegram to then Secretary of Treasury Henry Fowler, Sierra Club lawyer Gary Torre was, in effect, fired by Brower while Torre was attending a conference with Fowler on the Sierra Club's disputed tax status. Brower claimed Torre did not represent Sierra Club opinion. The telegram forced Club president Edgar Wayburn to send another telegram to Fowler overruling Brower's telegram and reinstating Torre.

DEFENSE: The night letter was sent to Secretary Fowler because of serious differences of opinion between the counsel and the executive director in the tax status question. Torre refused to assume the executive director's line of argument in the case, and was therefore not actually representing the wishes of the Club, Brower says.

8. **CHARGE:** Threatened lawsuits against several editors of chapter newsletters for printed opposition to Brower follies.

DEFENSE: The lawsuits were threatened after repeated and undocumented charges were printed in chapter newsletters that impugned the character of Brower and served to discredit his name before the membership. Claims lawsuits have also been threatened by Ansel Adams.

9. **CHARGE:** Obtained second class postage by falsely certifying that the Explorer, an unauthorized Single-time Club publication, was published regularly and that \$.50 of each member's dues were allocated to it.

DEFENSE: No public defense has been made of the Explorer, except that, when the Bulletin was given to the control of Edgar Wayburn, it became impossible for the Brower forces to express a dissenting opinion. The Explorer had also been called a "book promotion pamphlet," therefore falling under the authority of the promotion department, which is controlled by John Schanaar, a Brower supporter.

— continued from page 6

was a detailed promotion of the Brower vision: the international series of 100 exhibit formats, foreign field offices, large advertising promotion, the power and glory of it all.

Depending on whose records you read...

Wayburn was shocked when he saw it. A small, wiry man who wears bow ties, Wayburn had sacrificed much of his medical practice in San Francisco to serve as Club president. And now this. He called Brower and demanded the Explorer be stopped. Brower did, under protest.

But wasn't it Wayburn who engineered Brower's removal from the Bulletin? Wasn't it Wayburn who now controlled it, writing a lengthy, personal column each month, once putting his picture on the cover, regularly blocking Brower's suggestions? If Brower was removed because he used the Bulletin for self-promotion, what about Wayburn? I thought of Catch-22.

The charges clicked off, piling up. My document pile was now four inches high. Was the \$5,000 payment to the "young men" (see charge # 2) of the London office a pay-off, or was it really an advance on a new Club book? (See box)

Almost all charges against Brower were defensible, depending on one's point of view. There were exceptions, like the daily lunches and cocktails, the personal expenses with no accounting and the misrepresentation to the Post Office in the Explorer incident. But these were hardly sufficient to demand his resignation. No, the opposition would answer, perhaps not. But if he has done this now, what will he do tomorrow?

But they are reasonable men

Ansel Adams, William Siri, Richard Leonard and other opponents were, above all, reasonable men. A publishing business that lost money made them uncomfortable. One that lost money, like the Sierra Club's (\$230,000 through 1967), and yet still planned gigantic increases in production led them to panic.

Of course, if the publications turned a profit instead, Adams, Siri and Leonard would be no less vehement in their determination to rid the Club of Brower. The issue, as Siri described it, "is the control of the Sierra Club. He has it; we want it. We believe what Dave Brower is doing, whether it makes money or not, is heading the Club toward disaster. Brower's ideas leave no place for the amateur, and the Sierra Club is unique because it is an amateur, a volunteer organization."

Nothing demonstrates this conflict in conservation ideology more than the New York Times advertisement of Jan. 14 (charge # 3). The ad had been prepared by the San Francisco agency, Freeman and Gossage, a firm that had helped create Brower's vision. Howard Gossage, the same man who had once sold Beethoven T-shirts for radio station KKHI and who advised a San Francisco diaper service to "never confuse the thing you are promoting with the thing itself," had developed all of Brower's advertising campaigns and, along with associate Jerry Mander, had urged more books, more film, more posters and ads.

But others smelled Madison Avenue in the Gossage promotions. There was little room left for the amateur. The Gossage gospel was also expensive: his retainer to the Club is \$20,000 per year. The promotions themselves are worse. The Times advertisement itself cost almost \$20,000, and Edgar Wayburn predicted that the international series of picture books would require "up to 100 million dollars" of working camp capital.

The mysterious way the ad appeared increased these fears. Although Gossage worked on the ad for three months for a \$9,000 fee, neither the Club president, nor the controller, nor the chair-

man of the publications knew it. Four days before the ad appeared, the publication committee met, advertising was discussed, but Brower never mentioned the ad.

The ad was all Brower needed. It attracted attention to his vision, but it also precipitated a crisis of events that would leave no hope of compromise. Three months before, the board of directors had decided to divide his present authority and hire another half-executive director to rule over Club expenditures. It was a severe defeat for Brower; without control of the money his vision would die. He needed a crisis to rally his supporters, elect five new sympathetic board members in the April election and reverse the old board's plans. If the election was a big enough success, he would even have the board appoint him the first paid president.

The crisis arrived on schedule a week after the ad appeared, when president Edgar Wayburn cut off Brower's funds. Wayburn sent the order as a personal memo, but the news mysteriously "leaked" and appeared in the Examiner—obviously through Brower—hours later. Brower retaliated by cutting off funds for all departments at the Club. Wayburn re-retaliated by cutting them on again, and stopped payment for the ad.

Feast for Gilbert and Sullivan Fans

It was comic opera. At the Club headquarters, men sneaked around the halls with memos, collecting signatures, avoiding certain offices and staff members. In one memo the opposition was described as "howling for blood." When Hugh Nash, editor of the Bulletin, refused to publish Wayburn's version of the crisis, he was "suspended" until the election.

A former president, Richard Leonard, called a press conference to announce his public opposition to Brower. Ken Brower was ushered out when he tried to watch.

Later Ansel Adams had the door shut in his face when he attempted to crash a Brower conference held at Gossage's office. Failing to get inside, Adams held an anti-press conference, then a debate, outside the door.

I talked that day to Lloyd Linford, one of Brower's coterie of bustling young men. He had metal-rimmed glasses and a large mustache that twitched curiously. After a brief talk, he explained, "The locals (volunteers) are necessary, don't get me wrong. Someone's got to worry about garbage dumps and bike trails. But not Dave Brower."

Confused, I asked, "Then you mean the locals are power-mad and jealous of Brower's genius?" His mustache drooped, jerked up and down, then drooped again. "That," he said, "is exactly right."

The gathering of forces had taken over a year. Brower reacted furiously to the opposition's growing attack. He was a born street fighter, a barroom brawler, a guerrilla. When the opposition escalated charges, he charged back. Two of Brower's supporters, Martin Litton and Donal Aiken, accused Ansel Adams of attacking Brower because he was bitter over his loss of exposure in Sierra Club books. Litton later claimed that Adams "in an indirect way" was "in the pay of PG&E" in the Diablo Canyon issue.

Litton claimed that William Siri, physicist at Lawrence Radiation Laboratory, was more directly in the pay of PG&E.

Several weeks after the New York Times ad, Wallace Stegner, a former director, novelist and director of Stanford's creative writing program, accused Brower of being "bitten by the worm of power." I called Litton for his reaction. He had not seen the letter, which filled three half-columns in the Palo Alto Times, but after I read it to him, he replied, "I guess it's over. No matter what happens, the Sierra Club as anyone knew it is gone. Too

— continued on page 13

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A little law and order, please!

San Francisco is the only city in the U.S. required by federal law to build a municipal power system. But it doesn't have one.

As Joe Neilands, George Norris, Harold Ickes and Sen. Lee Metcalf make clear in this Guardian, this is because the Pacific Gas and Electric Co. has defied the City of San Francisco, the federal courts, the U.S. Supreme Court and the U.S. Congress and has prevented the city from getting the millions of dollars in annual benefits (some \$30 million, as computed by Neilands in his story) from the public power it produces in its own system in the Sierra.

It's a complicated story, which Neilands and the Guardian have researched for months, but the major points are simple. San Francisco was granted an unprecedented concession, the power to dam a beautiful valley in a beautiful national park, by the federal government. The condition: that the city produce cheap public power, that it build a municipal power system and that it allow absolutely no resale or transfer of power to private utilities such as PG&E.

It produces public power, but it's been PG&E—not the city—who receives the gargantuan but illegal benefits.

This is not an academic argument over public vs. private power.

It is of enormous and strategic importance for one simple reason: there's a lot of money at stake for San Francisco. Money to build swimming pools in Hunters Point, to develop McClaren Park, to save the view on Mount Olympus, to keep the Muni bus payment at 15¢ or lower it, to keep zoo admission free, to being back the ferry boats, to build mini parks, to plant trees somewhere besides Alioto's North Beach, to develop job and training programs for the disadvantaged, to turn the city's resources toward the grinding problems of race and poverty and unemployment. Thirty million a year can go a long way.

San Francisco ought to have cheap public power for its residences and businesses, just like Palo Alto, Los Angeles, Sacramento and a dozen other California cities, but most of all it ought to get the massive tax sub-

sidies that come from publicly owned power.

Even the most fiscally conservative among us should have few reservations. Why go to Washington for federal handouts when the money is here in San Francisco? Why not extend law and order to the City of San Francisco and to PG&E? Isn't our lack of law enforcement causing disrespect for government and alienating our youth? Why do we coddle PG&E? Let's have no more of it.

Things aren't this simple, of course, but it's time to make the City face up to its public responsibilities under the Raker Act and get about the business of establishing a municipal power system.

First: The Guardian recommends a congressional investigation to determine whether, how much and for how long SF's Hetch Hetchy power has been sold or transferred illegally to PG&E. Second: That the matter be placed squarely before the electorate in this fall's supervisorial election. In short: that every major candidate for election be forced to state unequivocally his public position on law enforcement and the Raker Act.

The strike and the trustees

Excerpts from "The Teachers' Strike and the Trustees," by Mark Linenthal, professor of English and director of the Poetry Center at San Francisco State College, an AFT pamphlet.

"Many people have been so irritated or offended by one or another of the 15 demands, by their rhetoric, or by the insistence that they are not negotiable, that they cannot respond to the entirely just resentments which underlie the demands.

"They might well consider a remark made by a successful middle-class black San Franciscan at a discussion of campus problems which took place at recent meeting of one of the local Democratic clubs. People were worried about the effects of an open admission policy; he pointed out that any ghetto youngster of college age who has sufficient courage to place himself before the white establishment on campus and to apply for admission deserves to be admitted.

"In any case, it is clear that

the demands should have been taken seriously and that since the Trustees alone are empowered to deal with the demands, the Trustees should have seen to it that satisfactory resolution was achieved."

Even in less troubled times, or in times of less rapid social change, any college has a responsibility to satisfy the needs of its students, but at this moment that responsibility is awesome because the cost of failure has grown prohibitive. As perhaps never before in our history, the life of our society may depend on the vitality of our colleges. Our nation is undergoing a painful crisis in authority; young people quite simply refuse to accept the judgments of their elders and of acknowledged leaders in religion, politics and business.

Some of them drop out in anger or despair. Increasingly, however, they look to the colleges for direction, for work which engages them, which seems to affirm life in a way which is neither trivial or ped-

antic. The colleges are their last hope and our last opportunity.

With proper financial support and sufficient autonomy, the colleges might rise to the occasion and succeed where other institutions have failed. If we disappoint young people now, we shall have to hold ourselves responsible for the flagrant waste of human resources which will follow, and for the anger, aimlessness and despair which will prevail."

Justice

Last October Richard Bunche was shot in the back of the head by a stockade guard when he trotted away from a prisoner work detail at the U.S. Army Presidio.

A short time later, 27 of his fellow prisoners sat down in the stockade yard, sang "We Shall Overcome," and with lightning speed they were all charged with mutiny.

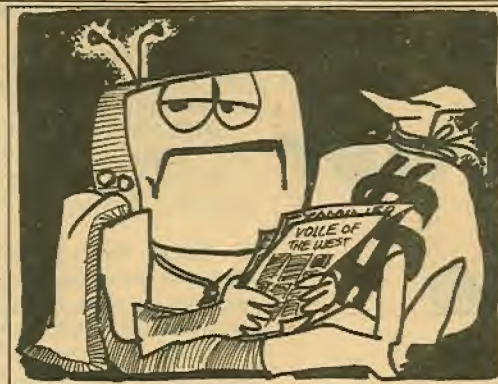
Out here, civilized men registered shock at Bunche's death and the prisoner reaction that resulted in the sit-in strike. Inside the stockade, prisoners were asking: Who's next?

Who, in fact, is next? That is the central question of the mutiny trials, a question applicable to either side of the walls.

Are these prisoners really any different from the youth demonstrating obvious injustices in grade and high schools, on college campuses, all over the world?

The Presidio prisoners have committed violations, to be sure. But no juvenile offender in civilian life is sentenced to 15 years at hard labor for a sit-in strike. We speak of integration in America, but the mixing of colors is only superficial to the integration of justice into every facet of of American life—and that must include the military establishment.

WANTED



SUPERCHRON DEAD OR ALIVE

FOR
**ILLEGAL PRICE FIXING
PROFIT POOLING and
MARKET CONTROL**

The U.S. Supreme Court, as expected, declared illegal the type of joint venture arrangement by which "competing" newspapers like the Examiner and Chronicle share their advertising and circulation departments.

On that very same day, the Examiner/Chronicle for the third time put in its outrageous proposal to exempt themselves from the city's gross receipts tax for San Francisco businesses. It was defeated twice before (the last time on Mayor Alioto's veto) but the Chronicle's executive editor, Scott Newhall, and his public relations man in city hall, Dave Nelson, are widely believed to have the exemption wired all the way up to the top.

After all: aren't six supervi-

ors up for re-election this year and doesn't Joe Alioto need hometown newspaper support if he's to run for senator, governor, president and prime minister of the Western World? It's about that simple.

The point is that the Ex/Chron merger has destroyed newspaper competition in San Francisco. It has also put together an unconscionably powerful monopoly (Ex/Chron/KRON tv/radio/CATV) at the strategic passes to information in San Francisco. And it has done so illegally. Just how does this deserve a tax break by city hall?

Note: if the Ex/Chron can't make it in the free market as they claim, let's see their profit and loss figures. Then we'll decide.

Business as usual



Further notes on San Francisco's insistence on subsidizing multimillion dollar enterprises, namely the San Francisco 49ers and the Giants at Candlestick Park:

The Chronicle: "...it may cost \$16 million to make every improvement requested—a large jump from the \$7 million they (Stadium, Inc. directors) estimated in 1967 it would cost merely to enlarge the stadium capacity from 42,500 seats to 66,000."

The Chronicle: "Stadium,

Inc. did not detail the reasons its cost estimates jumped from \$7 million to \$16 million in two years, but it did make clear the new proposal would include Astro-turf..."

The Examiner: "A general obligation bond issue, as proposed by civic leader Marguerite Warren, would save millions in a project that now seems destined to cost local property taxpayers \$500,000 to \$850,000 a year for a generation."

THE BAY GUARDIAN

"It is a newspaper's duty to print the news, and raise hell." (Wilbur F. Storey: Statement of the aims of the Chicago Times, 1861.)

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I am standing on the concrete island that divides 19th Ave. at Holloway. San Francisco's M-car trolleys come and go, the traffic lights click red and yellow and green, the cars jam up in the sunlight, back up all the way past Stonestown shopping center. Students are in the street, slowing down traffic, someone near me is shouting at every rolled-up window gliding by, jerking to an irritated stop, jerking ahead again: Look! Look! he shouts.

He waves and points excitedly, his long hair flies and glistens in the January sunlight.

Look! the cops are making their daily move on the picket line across the street, on the sidewalk surrounding the S. F. State campus. Walking with the striking students and teachers earlier, around and around, I smelled the rotten-egg smell of a stink bomb, spreading out of a building into the street.

By Wilbur Wood

I can smell it out here on the island. But the fat white lady in her big chrome Buick twitches her nose behind her rolled-up window. She does not look at the scene taking place around her; if she had to use the word "pig" to refer to a person, she would use it to refer to the long-haired young man shouting at her to Look what is happening, Lady!

This is revolution

To some people, this is the revolution, and it is real. It is real for Bridges Randall of the Black Students Union. Today's warrant is out on Bridges--nobody knows exactly what for: it could be a misdemeanor this time, like failure to disperse. It could be a felony like "assault on a police officer." It could be something hazier, something like "suspicion of resisting arrest" or "conspiracy to incite a riot."

Whatever the words on today's warrant, the cops have chosen this time to wedge into the crowd to get their chosen victim. This action provokes what the press calls an "incident."

But who is to say who provokes whom, what provokes what, in this revolution? George Murray reads from The Red Book and wails about guns in a speech at some state college campus. It seems that Chancellor Dumke would be wiser--from his point of view--to ignore Murray. But Murray is in all the papers, so Dumke orders Murray fired. Can't have Authority questioned. What provokes what?

Today, was it the stink bomb that "provokes" the cops to enforce their warrant? Because no other incidents have been initiated by strikers. No rocks through the windows the cops stand behind, checking over each chick coming in (to class? to tell her non-striking instructor why she is on strike?), I.D.-ing all Third World students who come into the building (to plant another stink bomb? to pull a gun on us from behind?)

Police are violent

No pine cones hurled at the white helmets today, nor the blue helmets. So you would expect the police not to do anything because every time they do something it turns more people against them.

That is mostly how this revolution has grown--and the strike at S. F. State has succeeded to this extent--by white students encountering a reality most of them knew only second-hand, via television, the kind of thing we all saw happening last summer in Chicago.

Who provokes WHOM?

Police are violent. They are trained to be violent, the Tactical Squad trains two hours a day (when there is a free day) in hand-to-hand combat. The police are ready for this war, they are armed and shielded, cupped, helicoptered, wired in, directed by radio and walkie-talkie.

They may have a little trouble getting their overtime pay, but they get it somehow. And somehow the budget accommodates the \$600,000 it takes to "police" S. F. State for the four months since the strike started Nov. 6.

You could buy a pretty good Black Studies program for that amount, but then you could buy a pretty good Guaranteed Annual Income program with the \$30 billion a year the U.S. spends in Vietnam.

It is all a question of priorities. The student government at State votes not to fund the athletic program, but rather to spend money for a Tutorial Program, for the Experimental College, for any number of worthwhile things--somehow, the College finds the money to pay for athletics, although the College says it has

NO money at all for anything...

The trustees, of course, cannot grant the 15 demands, and they will not be "intimidated." So they send the Tac Squad on campus the very first day of the strike: stop this nonsense before it begins. The police suck in their beer bellies, march in tight lines, they are very tight inside, they pretend they are robots... Figs off campus! rings in their ears.

Let it Provoke

Pigs is a provocative word? Well, then let it provoke, let the pigs be provoked, let the theater-of-cruelty resume, for the benefit of the as yet unaffiliated. Because we--as strikers, using an old form to get something new--don't really know much else to do.

We try to make the Commons into a kind of Happening that will draw students out of those classrooms, courses, majors, specializations, divisions, structures, games--out into what is REAL, but the strike leaders are afraid of anything "frivolous" (like a rock band) and so nobody knows



The photograph above was taken by Lou de la Torre and will appear in a magazine, "The Crisis at San Francisco State," to be published in April.

how to turn people on to our version of the future. If we have one.

All we can do is talk about how bad THEIR reality is, how THEIR violence, THEIR provocation, is infinitely worse than OUR violence, OUR provocation. And it is true: bloodied heads are worse than broken windows, injured minds are worse than destroyed property, THEIR priorities are all wrong.

But how miserably afraid we are to touch one another.

It seems like our Valley Forge here, the boring interminable picket line, nobody talking much, nobody feeling like chanting ON STRIKE, SHUT IT DOWN! one more time, that's the old spirit, the SDS-cadre links arms and marches through singing "Solidarity Forever," but no one talks that language anymore.

RIGHT ON, BROTHER, is a phrase that has surfaced enough during this strike to be put on a button. Soon it will be V-signed and repeated into oblivion on Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In--sock it to me!--as the majority culture noses self-consciously through the minority culture (black, hip), picking up OUR language, OUR styles in clothes, OUR music... and the Beatles come out with a song called "Revolution" that says: "You better free your mind instead." We do not move evenly together.

Living theater

Bridges Randall is always talking about arming to fight the pigs, and the SDS people get up on the platform and say a few words on how we gotta fight this, resist that, struggle, struggle, and the strike support meetings are a stone drag: people stalk out of them angrily, frustrated with procedure, wanting to say something to counteract the dead language that flows over everyone's head--we gotta ORGANIZE, we gotta FIGHT--no, no, you want to say, what we gotta do is take off all our clothes, REALLY freak out the pigs, do something brilliant, something really creative, to bring us together. ON STRIKE, OPEN IT UP. Living theater.

The students--black, brown, Yellow Peril button-wearers, ex-McCarthy-kids, ex-Kennedy-Corps-kids, middleclass dropouts,

hippies--crowd around Bridges, they won't let the pigs in to get him; wedges of cops barge through the picket line, back and forth between the buildings and the street, they disrupt the line time and again, they shove past and between people.

But today they stay relatively calm. They do not lash out with their sticks the way they do inside the campus out of sight of the street, in the Commons where for two weeks in December daily pitched battles went on between squads of police and thousands of students shouting to each other: Walk! Stay together! (for the pigs don't attack you in large groups, they try to split you apart, isolate you, immobilize you, it's like the U.S. strategy in Vietnam: Hold and intimidate/search and destroy, but it does not work, not even with the helicopter ratcheting overhead, radioing crowd patterns and positions to the man in the truck, who moves pins around on a map of the campus as his voice comes through the walkie-talkie of each squad commander... it does not work if there are enough people and if the people are aware enough to keep moving ahead of the police: Walk! Stay together.)

Sometimes the students are driven off-campus into the street, and so a few of them pull down the wires of the trolley cars and throw bottles at the advancing police horses, and jam up traffic.

Catch 22

Not many students in the street now, the striking teachers are trying to keep the picket line moving--because Hayakawa always is taunting them about not being able to control their lines--but the cops barge through it again and again, making it impossible to keep the line going, thereby making the line illegal: Catch 22.

A big clump of people, maybe 100, mostly students, surround Bridges now. The cars jerk by. The chief of campus police, a short man named Stewart, stands on a roof over the crowd, lines of police now surround the crowd. Beside Stewart is a beefy, helmeted cop, but Stewart is dressed in a dapper suit and doesn't even have a hat on.

--continued on page 11

Unrest

Safely, not giving, being, with people, how many have we lost, or nearly so? And ourselves?

The warm, wet lips press in, but don't go where they should. Rocks smash through windows. The high, whistling shouts of students. A blue policeman, his club coming down. Eight hundred pigs, possessed of the devil, choked by Jesus.

When I do this I will have done nothing. A whimpering

moan in bed forced through the teeth. Going into the shadows under trees; carnivals, yellow stalls, people, the moan somewhere close, but untouchable.

By Bill Mayer

'Detention': 4 youths in a 7 x 10 bare cell

—continued from page 3

efforts, and refuses to release staff reports on the investigation it has been conducting for the past year on YGC.

"Knowing what goes on there makes my stomach hurt," Dr. Harold Furst, head of the BASPC study committee, told me. He wouldn't comment further.

However, I obtained access to the BASPC reports from several persons (non-BASPC) who feel that politeness is out of the question. I will be referring to the reports from here on.

O'Connor died in January, 1969. But it appears that nothing is going to change. His appointees still maintain secrecy around the institution. His poli-

cies are still in effect. And his philosophy is everywhere:

"These kids have got to be shown that they can't break the law and get away with it."

Like many "law and order" folk we have come to know, O'Connor did not practice what he preached.

For instance, when a minor is brought to the intake division at YGC, the probation officer is required by law to make an "immediate investigation" of the reasons for detaining the minor. But since most juveniles are booked by police, and police almost never file their reports on the alleged offense until a day or two later, investigation is not possible. So the child is

- No candy, gum, comics or recreation
- Some sleep on floor mats

automatically locked up.

The constitutional rights of minors are supposed to be read to them, and to their parents, but this is often not done. Minors often are refused a phone call. Parents are sometimes not notified that their children have been taken to YGC.

BASPC investigators say they found clear evidence, including admissions by probation officers, of "therapeutic detentions" ("it will do the kid a world of good") which open the YGC staff to charges of false imprisonment.

BASPC observers reported probation officers seemed to be pressured by "house rules" to detain all felony-type cases and detain any male probationer who is referred for another offense--the same kind of practice for which the District Court of Ap-

peals reprimanded O'Connor in 1966.

A probation officer told me that several months ago a memorandum was handed down to the staff ordering them to file petitions on all felony-type crimes--again interfering with the probation officer's lawful discretion.

In the opinion of many observers, O'Connor made a deal permitting police to use YGC as a dumping ground and warehouse. Thus minors are booked and detained without police reports. There is further evidence of a "deal":

* A 16-year-old girl visiting from Los Angeles with her mother's permission, was picked up and held for five nights until an inspector from the Narcotics Bureau had time to question her. She was neither advised of her rights nor told that her mother was trying to get an attorney for her. After a five-minute interrogation, she was released. (From the BASPC report.)

* Four hours after a girl's lunch money was stolen, eight boys standing on a street corner (elsewhere in the neighborhood) were arrested, along with two girls who wandered over to see what was going on. They were all taken to the main police station, photographed, fingerprinted, then booked into YGC on suspicion of "being in danger of leading an idle, lewd, immoral or dissolute life" and "strong-armed robbery." After two days they were released. No charges filed.

four children in one bare cell measuring 7'X10'. One or two have to sleep on thin mats on the floor.

For delinquents, there are five living units (cell blocks) called "cottages." In theory, delinquents are separated according to the seriousness of their alleged offenses. But if the cottages get overcrowded, as they often do, any child may get thrown into B-5, the "maximum security" cottage with individual cells--no matter what his age, offense, or emotional maturity.

Two brothers, 13 and 14, who were turned into YGC by an elderly neighbor to save them from the severe beatings of their stepfather, were housed for two months in the YGC delinquency units. (From the BASPC report.)

The first 24 hours of a child's detention, whether he is delinquent or dependent, is spent in confinement. He is not allowed a recreation period with the other children. He eats all his meals in his room. There is nothing to read and nothing to do. (In some cases, I am told, the initial confinement period is 48 hours, and sometimes 72 hours, a practice that supposedly was abolished.)

Following the daily 30-minute visiting period, all the juveniles are lined up in the recreation areas, stripped and searched for weapons and "contraband." The latter, according to an official YGC memo, includes:

Chewing gum, home-baked food, magazines, comic books, newspapers or newspaper clippings, hairdressing of any type, money and tobacco. Parents may bring store-bought food, but it is shared by all the children.

One boy caught chewing gum was given 24 hours confinement. This is standard punishment for gum-chewing, the discipline report said.

There is an hour or two of school a day (for some of the inmates), an hour of recreation (milling around) and trying to stay clear of angry counselors.

Brutality at YGC takes many forms besides the kick in the groin. There is the cell door shutting on the frightened 13-year-old runaway or truant. No friendly face. Parents have deserted or been swallowed up. An older cellmate tickles, prods, laughs, caresses. Let out to use the bathroom twice a day.

Or the girl, locked up for the last months of her pregnancy. At 15, mother is a dirty word. So is baby. To the hospital after labor begins. Back to the cell after giving birth. All that pain, and the baby is gone. Then maybe to Youth Authority for six months, because there isn't any other place to go.

The babies, sometimes 20 or 25 of them, behind glass. The three-year-old struggles to stand but there is a net over the crib. There is always a net, and the world is a cage, and the small mind turns in on itself. No use reaching out. And the IQ?

The boy is black. He sits in the courtroom without shoes because someone thinks he might attack somebody with them. The judge sits high above him. The boy is at a table surrounded by strange adults. His mother is somewhere in back of him, a long way off, but he can hear her protest. Because the judge has just sentenced him to Youth Authority. And he hears the white judge say to his mother:

"Get your black ass out of here!"

(Next: What can be done?)

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Infusing Shakespeare's moldy fig

Royal Shakespeare Co.
American Conservatory Theater
"Big Time Buck White"
Committee Revue

The American Conservatory Theater, Civic Light Opera, the Theater Guild and any other promoters who bring professional theater to San Francisco will have to do something far over their heads to play in the same league with the Royal Shakespeare Company, whose recent week at the Curran Theater surely will stand as the theatrical peak of this season.

They opened with a "Much Ado About Nothing" that simply was astonishing. To infuse this moldy fig with real vitality and laughter--what a challenge for a modern director!

Trevor Nunn pulls it off beautifully, giving the complex and tiresome plot both clarity and pace, giving actors like Alan Howard and Janet Suzman, as Benedick and Beatrice, a chance to use the finer aspects of the acting art, like timing and projection and gesture and movement, in a way that makes one realize that theater can be wonderful.

Their other production was "Dr. Faustus," an even moldier fig, which seemed less than dazzling only by comparison with "Much Ado About Nothing."

Marlowe's pedestrian moral preachments are not made brilliant by Eric Porter's sound and capable performance, but they at least are made palatable, and when the play slides into low comedy, like the scene with the Pope and the priests, it is hilarious.

Acting... For once

ACT's current production that can be mentioned in the same review with the Royal Shakespeare Company is a well done "The Three Sisters." It was full of real Chekhov--interesting characters full of ironic observation, sharing a gentle despair. All the acting was good, for once, and Paul Shenar, whose Hamlet was so wrong, is so right as the Baron that I didn't even recognize him until I checked the program.

"The Three Sisters" was especially welcome because, on the basis of what had gone before, the current ACT could have been written off. "A Flea In Her Ear" was a charming diversion

because Director William Ball put his best actors into the hands of a strong and confident director, Gower Champion, who managed to impose a consistent comic style on them. The whole project was questionable, since one of the play's major running gags is a cruel mockery of a cleft palate. But, given the limitations of a trashy farce, the "Flea" was enjoyable.

Then ACT turned to the surrealistic black comedy of Jules Feiffer. His "Little Murders" is a wild play, combining several funny exchanges of dialogue based on psychiatry, battle of the sexes and role-playing as we know it, with a hideously comic view of future urban society.

Black as it is, it must be played for bitter laughs. But ACT, a poverty pocket when it comes to naturally funny actors, plays it with ponderous earnestness, and the production itself becomes a little murder.

The one sequence which managed to blend the blackness and the humor together was the one in which Peter Donat, as a hippie minister, performed a psychedelical wedding ceremony. It would have taken a dozen Peter

Donats, however, to get the rest of the play moving.

Then ACT ventured into contemporary Soviet drama with "The Promise," which turned out to be a slight but interesting series of vignettes, showing how three teen-agers meet during the siege of Leningrad. After the war, one boy marries the girl. The other boy goes away to build bridges, then comes back. There is some re-shuffling. We have seen them age into middle years, seeing some of their promise evaporate.

Over directed Method

How to make this little saga into good theater? Well, charm would do it. The audience must be won by the personalities of these young people in order to care about the mundane events of their lives.

But here again ACT is in short supply. Some of the big guns of the company, like Carol Teitel, Ray Reinhardt or Jay Doyle, can project charm of personality. But these youngsters, over-directed by Edward Hastings, are too busy going through paces nervously to relax and be charming.

David Dukes is strong. When emotional he bellows. When in doubt he lapses into the superficial mannerisms of The Method. Mark Bramhall plays the teenager as a retarded odd-ball, then suddenly becomes a brilliant eccentric with clipped English diction. Dana Larson is nervous and intense, the best actress in the graduating class. There is no ease, no authority. One feels they could all be better than in "The Promise."

Committee Premiere

The Committee Theater is the scene of a world premiere, Oscar Brown Jr.'s musical version of "Big Time Buck White." This is the Watts play that became a hit in New York, a black play

for blacks, in a sense, although it was written by Joseph Dolan Tuotti, a white man.

As a musical it was interminable, with no apparent attempt to blend the play and the songs into a coherent and reasonable presentation. Portions were brilliant in one way or another. The most effective scenes were downright coon humor, before the entrance of Big Time Buck himself brings earnestness to the proceedings. Ted Lange as Weasel is an irresistible performer, and if Herschell Burton's role as the homosexual parody hadn't gone on so long and so repetitiously, he too would have been irresistible.

As for the earnest message stuff--Big Time Black as Big Time Buck White makes little sermons that veer strangely from Brotherly Love to Shoot the Honky Bastards, and despite Big Black's solidity and authority in the role, I found his scenes confusing and incoherent.

Wanted: Script editor

I think this ponderous three-hour show might be a brilliant and thought-provoking hour-and-a-half. It may well be on its way to that potential as changes are made. I'm informed that the final 20 minutes, an embarrassing and tasteless queer scene, already has been cut from the show. Now if Oscar Brown will just save 20 minutes more by picking up the tempo of the songs, "Big Time Buck White" will be a must-see production.

The same criticism can be made of the new Committee Revue at its Broadway club. The company still lacks a major comic talent comparable to Larry Hankin or Peter Bonerz, but some changes have been made for the better since the preceding show.

The new show features a feast of funny situations and lines, but the old Committee habit of going on and on after all the points have been scored continues to weaken the effect.

THE END

Who provokes whom?

--continued from page 9

Jump! Jump! the students chant up at him. It is almost good-natured, but the air is tense. Stewart smiles down at them, he peers down looking for Bridges Randall.

For all George Murray's talk about guns, there is no gunman now to knock Stewart off the roof, before he can spot Bridges and send in the wedge of police--look! look! now the police have their long, notched sticks out and now they leap into the scattering, shrieking crowd (roll down your windows lady, and listen) and now the picket line crushes into the street, and you are going to be stopped here awhile, lady, might as well turn around and watch the show, others around you are.

But she stares straight ahead, as if into daytime television: emotions tangle like spitting cats in the stark white hospital corridors, but there is always glass, chrome, fences, screens between you and those emotions.

Half a dozen cops charge now between cars, clubs out, and I have to split now, lady, jump over the fence that divides the island that divides the street, that divides me from being in as much danger as those people surrounding Bridges Randall. Who is in more danger than I care to think about, because once they get you into that wagon they have rubber hoses that leave no mark on the flesh but you hurt pretty bad inside.

There is a paddy wagon pulled up, waiting, motor turned off. A smooth operation. The police seem to have captured someone, the shouting crowd surges around a squad of police hustling their prisoner through to the wagon.

Then the cops all gather around the wagon, a voice comes over the loudspeaker atop the Administration Building informing us that this assembly is illegal, and then informing us we should resume picketing. Catch 22? Many people don't hear this confusing statement, they still eye the cops who have their prisoners inside the wagon. Shouting, the AFT people slowly get the line moving again.

The prisoners are Bridges and some white guy, an SDS-member who (I hear later) happens to have a roll of coins in his pocket and is booked for holding a deadly weapon, as well as the usual failure-to-disperse-resisting-arrest charge.

And still later, I hear that the deadly weapon charge is dropped, but it serves to keep first-night bail too high for the bail fund, and the white guy does not get out until the following day, when night bail rates are dropped and day rates come into effect, and the lawyer can see the judge to have him reduce the bail, and...hassle, hassle.

But the leaders keep going to jail anyway, and (still later) one wet, cold day 483 people are surrounded and arrested for standing in the middle of the campus to listen to the same strike leaders

give the same speeches they've been giving for months.

I don't know who "provoked" that either, but I know that declaring all such assemblies illegal is a kind of provocation. I know that the Trustees' refusal to discuss the 15 demands is a kind of provocation. I know the Master Plan quota system that keeps non-white and poor-white students out of college is provocative. Refusing to realize that schools structured this way are like prisons to a generation raised on the instant shifts and new involvements of television--this, too, is provocative.

You are "provoked" by what you're made aware of. Technology has made a whole generation aware that the old priorities are all wrong, everywhere, everywhere television goes, everywhere the Beatles go.

And no matter if Progressive Labor now considers The Beatles reactionary, The Beatles sing, "Your mother should know." George Gomer (the bearded, caped student troubadour) strums his guitar and sings "The blue meanies are here" and "Chip in for bail/Get a brother out of jail." Although the picket line is moving again and the cops are just standing around now, and the lady in the Buick has passed through the war zone on to Daly City, the long-haired student keeps shouting to the oncoming cars, pointing at the helmets, shouting Look! Look!

THE END

'FUTZ'—it's slam and bam

By Douglas Giebel

"Futz," the Rochelle Owens one-act staged by David Lindeman's new Circus, is currently playing at the Interplayers on Beach Street.

Except for the tediously beaverish warm-up exercises that serve as a prelude, "Futz" is a swift, slam-bam-thank-you-Mam evening, by far superior to anything Lindeman has staged before.

Since "Futz" concerns a farmer who loves his pig in more expressive terms than those reserved even for man's best friend, it will scandalize the uninitiated. Those more accustomed to such current theatrical conventions may find it a bit old-fashioned. Good hu-

mor and some poetry is lost in the tumult, but the general hoopla and sexual overkill more than compensate. I was most impressed by the ruttigutty acting of Jennifer Weldon.

A word of caution to the performers. Most contemporary playwrights are incapable of more than superficial character delineation. The people in "Futz" (and in "Tom Paine", previously staged by this same group) are little more than vague intellectualizations. Hopefully Lindeman will provide his actors with a script offering substantial roles, lest they become robot-performers, unworthy even of satire.

THE END

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Nobody can tell him these kids understand political organization. He can't see why there's so much dirt, both real dirt and sexual dirt, in the youth movement. His face, his hair, his eyebrows are white, but his eyes are red from whisky, and the glass bead necklaces of his wife and other women in the room reflect light from the kitchen....

Telegraph Avenue, Thursday, 6:30. We call the revolution to us when we please, like women. The strikers come down the street in a mass reaching from sidewalk to sidewalk. The people at the edges of the mass aren't as dignified--they skip nervously, looking in back for the police, they peel up and down Channing Way. Two or three minutes behind, the police come like exterminators. Tear gas shells burn brief and white and the clouds roll like white wheels down the street.

'Man, I like to celebrate Chinese New Year as much as anybody,' says a Chinese student to me, 'but this is taking it too far!' We grin at each other, he jumps into the street where five men push a stalled car, a blonde woman hunching over the wheel. She is staring, horrified, out the window. The Chinese student helps push. The car rolls down the street, the engine catches, the car scuttles away, right through a stop sign, and whips around the corner.

At eight o'clock the disturbance is all over and police occupy all the intersections, talking. A fat blonde woman in slacks can hardly keep from patting the officers. A city water truck is parked between Haste and Dwight Way. A black man looks out the truck window with a curious expression on his face--I can't read it.



— Sketch by Marion Dibble

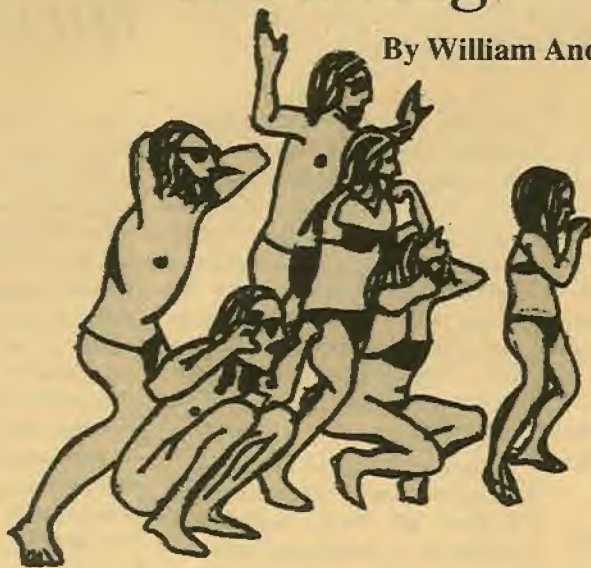
The street is shiny from water, there's a faint smell of gas in the air, but store windows aren't broken and very little damage has been done. The truck starts up and streams of water spray from nozzles. On the dark surface of the street, the water spreads out like oiled silk. A car rolls by, a black man driving. He raises his hand in the clenched fist salute and we grin at each other. I continue down Telegraph. There are the Santa Clara county deputies. I can hardly keep from grinning. Two straight-looking students are whispering behind me, 'Look at this. This will be history some day.' No, no, I want to say to them, we are history. The living.

At 8:45 the balcony of the Berkeley community theater is half full for the last performance of the Living Theater. Paradise Now. A huge roll of plastic appears. Somebody holds the core and the end is pulled from hand to hand along the balcony railing, people shouting in spontaneous pleasure. It's a snake, it's over the balcony, down to the main audience, zig-zagging with astonishing speed, twanging against my head. I feel like an element in a painting. My eyes are still smarting from tear gas. Flutes begin to play. A paper airplane floats down from above. The cast appears.

'I don't know how to stop the wars. I don't know how to stop the f---ing wars,' Rufus Collins whispers in my ear from behind.

The February Rain Is Falling

By William Anderson



He is a black man in the cast. Other actors appear:

I'm not allowed to smoke marijuana.
I'm not allowed to take off my clothes.
You can't live if you don't have money.

A low moan immediately begins in the audience. By now hundreds of people are on the stage and they begin to stamp their feet. Many older people in the audience look at the scene as if they were looking at it through old glass, at something horrible in themselves which they've thank God got under control. Yet it is the same kind of control that keeps them at their jobs.

The cast sit in a rough circle on the stage. They're dressed in breechcloths, G-strings, handkerchief bras, strips of cloth. The audience is thirteen deep around them.

'Down in front,' yells somebody from the seated audience--they are still reasonable down there. 'What do you think living theater is?' a boy shouts beside me. The people on the stage sweep into the small circle of the cast, dancing, shouting, singing. The cast form, almost by force, a pyramid in the blue stage light. Members of the theater staff climb the ladders at the rear of the stage and clear the catwalk because there is an irresistible temptation up there. The audience is shouting like bull-horns, and the cast is screaming: ANARCHISM! ANARCHISM! ANARCHISM!

'What about the starving blacks? How do we get the pigs off campus?' yells go up from the audience, and suddenly political arguments are popping in a dozen places.

'By love. By life. By the force of the revolutionary imagination,' an actor screams, almost hidden by the raging Berkeley young.

'Bull s---' shouts a student. An actress runs up to him, sticks her dead white face right into his, and screams, 'F--- you. F--- you!'

'If you're woman enough, I'm man enough,' he screams right back. She glares at him for a moment, then races up the aisle. A girl is carried by, wrapped in a cocoon of plastic. She smiles, she is comfortable. Part of the cast is on the stage now, chanting, 'To be free is to know where you're at. To be free is to be free...to think...to feel...to act.' They writhe, they grimace and stretch their arms to the ceiling.

'You aren't even real people. You're actors,' another student yells at one of the cast--both of them are standing on seat arms, arguing politics. 'F--- you!' shouts the actor and he tries to continue his argument with the knot of people gathered around him.

'You're just TV washouts. You don't even believe all this. You're just practicing,' the student persists. At first his impossibly blonde chick was trying to shame him down but suddenly she grins, her eyes flare, as if she were at a demonstration, and she climbs up beside him, they link arms and prance, precariously, still on the seat arms. They grab the actor's hand and jerk him into the rhythm of their satire. He's still feebly protesting, 'We're all human, we're all human,' but it is as if a high wind had struck him. His voice falters as if it were being blown instantly into the past.

On the stage a small group of people form a love mound, kissing, hugging and touching on the stage floor. One man has his knee cleverly pressed against a girl's crotch and he's trying to rub her up. She has a hand down there to push his knee away, casually, as if by accident. The other hand, the face, the spirit are kissing and caressing her boy friend. What a divided person she is!

Three high school age blacks stare at the pile in barbaric wonder, for black people are not as civilized as this. 'Right on,' they murmur, and so do I. A fireman sticks his head in the rear door. He goes away again. The lights come up and a long, single, agonized cry rises from the audience: 'Berkeley....'

A real actress makes you see not only the people but the whole scene, clothes, background, expression. If the room itself doesn't fit, you don't feel right. So we don't use settings anymore. For a contemporary play we like to arrange bare planks, piled in intersecting platforms,

and we depend on you to imagine water flowing down over them. And now the young are almost all able to live there all day.

Suddenly a pool of light appears in the middle of the plant. We worked all night in the offices upstairs. The contract depended on it. At five o'clock in the morning, we staggered down to the plant floor and started one of the lathes. Then we lost track. By light though we were over the hump and when the navy inspector arrived we had most of the line set up and with the help of the girls in the cafeteria, who held up the early coffee, by the time the inspector took up his position, we were ready.



Squeezing by you in a narrow kitchen my hand, as if by accident brushes your hip. My body rubs delicately against yours. My other hand touches your hip, going away.

We always know when it has happened to us, but we never know when it has happened to other people.

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Ramparts on the make

—continued from page 2

executive Louis Honig (at least) \$100,000); from retired inventor Irving Laucks of the Center in Santa Barbara (\$50,000); from the Center's Stanley Sheinbaum and the key source on the MSU story; from Hartford, Conn. businessman Richard Russell and an unpaid Ramparts financial adviser (\$369,580 and some regular profits from a New England shopping center in an enormously complicated real estate deal); from Harvard social science instructor Martin Peretz and Singer sewing machine heiress Ann Farnsworth, later married (\$574,000); from Abigail Rockefeller (\$15,000); from Ross socialite June Oppen Degnan (\$50,000); from SF businessman and strong McCarthy supporter Henry Dakin (\$10,000); from a mixture of wealthy liberals and

radicals in San Francisco, New York, Atlantic City, Los Angeles, Boston.

Nothing was madder than the money-raising at Ramparts. Associate publisher James Colaianni raised \$20,000 from an electronics executive on an LA golf course. Hinckle chased a millionaire in Mexico City, but he skipped to Europe. Russell put together head-swirling deals to nourish the cash flow.

When Ramparts printed a daily newspaper during last year's newspaper strike ("absolute madness," screamed Controller Bob Kaldenbach), Mitchell was forced to pay astronomical bills out of his own pocket. "Thank God the strike ended before we did," Mitchell told me. And through it all Hinckle rolled up tidal waves of expenses ("I was the test Warren was

sucking on," Mitchell later told me.)

Free to come and go

In early 1967, Hinckle was ready to move Keating out of the magazine completely. Keating in effect already had "given away" the magazine because, at Hinckle's urging, he had transferred \$174,000 of his own stock to key staff members. The breakdown: Hinckle \$100,000; Stermer \$25,000; Scheer \$15,000; then controller Joseph Ippolito \$25,000; Gossage \$4,500, and Gossage's associate in a PR firm G. M. Feigan \$4,500.

This stock transfer dropped Keating's equity to a fatal 47 per cent. Hinckle also had stacked the Board of Directors with his men ("The Board of Directors was a seduction scene," Keating said. "When Hinckle and Scheer had a pigeon, they put him on the board. We don't want your money, we want your love.")

(Honig was subtly induced to invest \$100,000, Keating said.)

"Honig came into Ramparts because of his ego hangup. Hinckle has an instinct for this. He knew how to stroke Honig."

("Honig had an idea for a novel in which he would set forth his solutions to the Vietnam war. So Hinckle and Scheer brought in an alcoholic, ex-reporter to try to ghost the thing. They spent thousands trying to inflate the ego of Bill Honig.")

The spiral downward

Meanwhile, Russell, Peretz and the eastern backers began putting some pressure on Hinckle for financial accounting and budget controls. Hinckle stiffened and announced to Scheer, Stermer and Colaianni that he was embarking on a new fund-raising trip to raise money to get out from under the Eastern block.

His friends on the magazine told Keating that Hinckle was moving in, but Keating couldn't believe it. "Maybe I was too close or maybe I wasn't strong," he said later. "I couldn't fight on a certain level." At least twice in earlier days, he called Hinckle in to his office to fire him, but Hinckle left with more authority. In later days, Keating wasn't permitted to see Hinckle's salary after it went up from \$15,000 a year (to \$25,000) or check mounting expense vouchers.

With Hinckle out of town, with Keating about to go, with expenses piling up, Colaianni, promotion manager Don Rothenberg and then controller Henry Marchman went to Keating to propose a coup of their own: reinstate Keating as publisher in fact, relieve Hinckle of power. Keating agreed and the four set about convincing Russell, a hard-headed businessman and the key director, to go along with the plan.

Russell called Hinckle, and appraised him of Keating's move. It's them or me, Hinckle told Russell. Russell flew to San Francisco for the critical showdown with Keating and, during a marathon session at the Jack Tar Hotel, listened to the catalog of complaints --mostly financial and administrative--against Hinckle.

Not a thing you've said isn't true, Russell concluded. But if we lose Hinckle, we lose Ramparts. Hinckle is Ramparts. We feel we can mature Hinckle. Russell wouldn't budge from this position and he said he spoke for a majority of the directors. Keating the founder, \$800,000 investor and holder of 47 per cent of the stock was through.

Keating's attorneys drafted a

—continued to page 14



By Creighton H. Churchill

Hunkered down on the hillside below St. Mary's, just off Geary, is the misnamed Japanese Cultural and Trade Center, a weak reflection of what might have been had competent architects been used and if the management were trying to present Japanese excellence in taste and environmental art instead of pushing for a fast buck.

For a tourist, cold of background, the Center comes off as the worst sort of World Fair atmosphere, full of gaudy plastic fans, 59-cent Chinese (!)junks, mixed with an occasionally worthwhile jewelry or Ibibana (flower sculpture) booth, liquor and exotic food stores.

The main restaurant is good but expensive (\$20 for two) and features special imported beefsteak cut off contented Japanese cows fed on beer and "hand-massaged" to make them tender. The bar in the hotel basement is pleasant, uncrowded, and serves a hot saki of happy demeanor. Dancing is to a surprisingly good San Francisco nightclub house band. Featured in the hotel are "Japanese" decor rooms with a hot-bath/sauna set ups scaled at Hilton prices.

Possessed of a five-story, Los Angeles Plastic, "Peace Pagoda," the sterile white stucco Center stands in sad contrast to the old original Japanese neighborhood, blocks of Victorian houses moldering in the sun with old men playing "Go" in doorways. Beside exotic tiny grocery stores there exists an amazing collection of shops, even a superbly cluttered and complete Japanese hardware store on Buchanan and Post, selling items both Western and oriental, including rustic Japanese art and implements.

Though there is no Japanese "main" street resembling Grant Avenue, the lower end of Buchanan, where it meets the Trade Center on Post Street, has a superb collection of highly inexpensive good "native" Japanese restaurants, frequented by locals of the quarter and others knowledgeable in cuisine. A simple huge dinner with beer will cost about \$4 for two. Prices and food styles are fairly equal among the restaurants, so look in the window and see which one appeals, or try a different dish in several places, eating your way down the street.

• • •

KUDO (UHF channel 38), owned by Bay Broadcasting Co., began the year with a brave experiment into live local television. As of this writing it has failed miserably in living up to its promotion, is broke and has fired most of its on and off air talent.

Right-wing millionaire lawyer Edward D. Keil, as chairman of the board, systematically countermanded directives by station manager Bud Foster and his program director. In the confusion, jobs and shows were cancelled on few hours notice, with no severance pay, and the staff morale, after the first several weeks of operation, sank into bedrock.

Thrown together too fast, so it could go on the air the last week of December, 1968 (the investor's wanted a '68 tax loss), KUDO never caught up with itself in mastering the pure mechanics of color television. The engineering staff was hindered by a lack of equipment and experienced personnel, and the confusion of working under too many chiefs. KUDO sold only six advertising spots in its first three months on the air. Instead of investing enough money to shape up its 1940's "on-air" look and allowing for a higher initial loss ratio, ownership sliced shows to the bone, cut salaries and equipment budgets and everything immediately got worse.

After three months on air, KUDO has 14 people left on staff, Bud Foster and Pat Mitchell (program director) have resigned, and air time is down to two hours per day. The F.C.C. license was granted originally to politically neutral Foster, not the clique of nationally powerful right-wing Republicans who, it appears, are using the station for tax loss, propaganda, and license value appreciation purposes. The public, needing and expecting the creative, live programming station that Foster honestly wanted to develop, has been burned badly by Keil. As were the 75 former employees of KUDO, most of whom wanted the chance to create a station of excellence and instead watched the systematic betrayal of every promise under which they were hired.

• • •

Julie Payne, a smashing red-haired beauty, walks center stage at the Committee and, backed by piano, sings "Changes", an acid-whimsy song that catches San Francisco's lietmotif; this as part of the excellent "Title 1" the Committee's new review. Themselves mutating, the Committee Workshop moves out of the farm team category this Monday, taking over the theatre two nights a week as "The Experimental Wing", totally improvisational theatre, while the Committee itself heads further into television both here and in Los Angeles.

• • •

Quizzical urbia--the Tac squad leading violent kinetic street ballet/theatre in the high schools; Bill Graham as the Vince Lombardi of Rock; Big Black merging with Big Time Buck White, a black musical satire written by a white man and scored by Oscar Brown Jr. at the Committee Theatre; the Interplayers salute to Chief Cahill, "Futz", an upbeat hip play of a farmer who falls in love with his prize pig; and Channel 44 has a real, live studio audience for its news: "And now folks, here he is with toNIGHT'S blood and GORE---take it away-y-y, JERRY JENSEN!!!!" Clap, clap, pound, whistle, cheer.

Sierra Club

—continued from page 7

many of us have said too much; no one can back down."

Hours later, I waited in Brower's office, knowing he would not answer my questions, that he, nor anyone else, could no longer afford to be honest about the Club or themselves. I also felt guilty at being there at all, knowing that I knew more than he realized, that I knew the answers to most of the questions I would ask, and that my questions, like his answers, would be engineered to hide the real intent. But no matter; the game was being played like that these days. His secretary, dangling a 100mm cigarette from her lower lip, ushered me in.

He looked like a man who had been too long on a witness stand. He smiled too quickly in a way that jerked the corners of his mouth. His hands were never still and for over an hour they pulled and stretched one rubber band over, back and around his fingers. He seemed very tired. But when he began to describe his vision, he jumped from his chair, jerked out a copy of the Times ad and asked, "Have you seen this?" Yes, I had seen it, and yes, it was beautiful. Perhaps I seemed encouraging. As if from nowhere, plans, pictures and specifications piled up in front of me. For a moment the others did not exist; there was no opposition; who could argue with dreams like this?

Returning to work, I felt Brower would win if he could talk to enough people. But the chance was great that he would not. Protected by his coterie of young men, lionized by the press and, perhaps worst of all, a believer of his own propaganda, how could he know how close he stood to the edge?

Perhaps it didn't matter. If the Club had come to the point of having only two alternatives, win or lose, then Litton had been right: in the terms of what anyone knew, the Club was finished. Either the volunteers would leave or the vision would die.

Somewhere in the interim Diablo Canyon had been lost. Construction had started, and a shiny, paved, two-lane highway cut through the canyon. Huge fills blocked the end of the canyon so the highway could cross. But no one at the Club objected.

A PG&E man now guards the highway day and night. "See," he told me as he pointed to the drain pipe stuck in the fill, "lettin' her drain. We're conservationists, too." And his smile says, We may yet win, the others are such fools.

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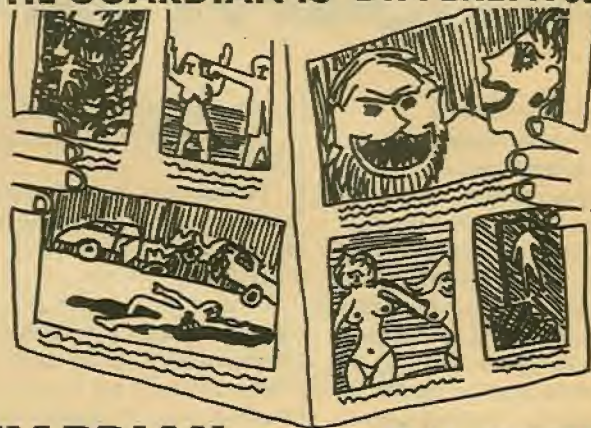
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Ramparts

—continued from page 13

complaint against Ramparts and, after it was shown to Honig and other principals, through attorneys, a settlement was reached with Keating. The terms: Keating was to get \$340,000 in monthly payments over a 10-year period and about \$30,000 in a down payment.

He's gotten about \$60,000 so far. Significantly, Russell personally guaranteed the money, but only if the magazine survives. Obviously, an incentive for Keating to make no waves.

"Those guys hated Keating," Hinckle told me. "They thought he was an idiot and a bumpkin."

Retorts Keating: "Hinckle betrayed me and betrayed everything. I believed in...he wouldn't have done it alone."

At Hinckle's suggestion, Mitchell later abandoned a thesis he had been writing at the University of Kansas—"What became of the Aztec aristocracy after the Conquest of Mexico?"—to join Ramparts as senior editor. Soon, Hinckle confronted him with another financial crisis and he plunked in more money.

The magazine's financial state worsened (after the foolish strike daily, the magazine later went bi-weekly, increased losses to \$30,000 a month) and Hinckle was in New York desperately trying to raise money.

In January, after the staff had not been paid for weeks, despairing of absentee leadership, Mitchell and the staff demanded that Hinckle return from New York for a board meeting. It was put off, at Hinckle's request, but he finally agreed to be present for a meeting on Jan. 29.

Hinckle arrived at 11 p.m. and asked the board to accept his resignation because he wanted to make an announcement, but not as company officer. His attorney motion-

ed him outside. Hinckle returned and asked to be reinstated.

"Oh, what's going on, Warren," Mitchell asked. "What's the big mystery. OK, you're reinstated."

The announcement: if \$400,000 couldn't be raised that evening, Ramparts was out of business, bankrupt. The only merciful thing was to fold the magazine summarily, not allow it to linger as a disgrace to the Left.

For once, Hinckle's move was anti-climactic: He had leaked the story to the New York Times when he was in New York, but the first edition reached the board meeting in San Francisco before Hinckle did.

Hinckle, the story informed the directors, was going to start a new magazine, Barricades, he had raised \$250,000 to do it with, he was going to take the staff with him.

Yes, the board would accept Hinckle's resignation from the magazine. No, it wouldn't go bankrupt as Hinckle wanted and clear the decks for his new magazine. Hinckle assembled the staff the next day and gave them the pitch, but almost everybody decided to stay with Ramparts.

Hinckle's old office now is called "Warren Hinckle's People's Lounge." Mitchell, now the publishing boss, says he thought about moving into it, but finally decided against it. "I don't really believe much in the symbols of power," he said.

Then Mitchell, the only man Keating says he feels sorry for, added: "I'd like to have either a central role here or essentially none. I don't want to hang around."

The man who didn't have a story until it was worth a page ad in the New York Times would smile at that. THE END

How PG&E robbed SF

— continued from page 5

by the Federal Power Commission showing that 24.7 per cent of the power purchased by Modesto and Turlock "is currently and for a period from 1945 to 1953" was sold to PG&E. Forty-eight per cent of this total was Hetch Hetchy power, the FPC said.

Engle asked the American Law Division of the Library of Congress to research this point. It advised him on May 22, 1956, that SF had sold dump power to PG&E since 1945 and by letter agreement had extended the arrangement into 1962. It also said that SF had been selling power to Modesto and Turlock, which at the same time were furnishing to PG&E about the same amount they were buying from the city. M and T have

tively little revenue to the city. Besides the irrigation districts, power is sold to several low-paying San Francisco industrial consumers, which are served by PG&E lines from its Newark and Warrernville substations. The city pays for transmission charges, including losses.

City power is wheeled into San Francisco on PG&E toll lines and the company until recently levied an outrageous toll. (PG&E buys Hetch Hetchy power at Newark for \$2 million, then resells it to SF consumers for \$9 million, congressional testimony showed in 1941. Total overcharge: \$6,600,000. Multiply these totals year by year and you begin to get the dimensions of this steal from

KW costs \$7.41 from PG&E.)

(2) New city income: Palo Alto put \$1,327,000 in surplus power profits into the general fund in 1967. This does not include the exact in-lieu-of-tax payment PG&E would have made had it operated the utility. Palo Alto credits this as a separate item to answer PG&E charges that "public agencies do not pay taxes."

(3) Lower tax rate: income from public power is the reason, and the only reason, that Palo Alto's tax rate is just 78¢ per \$100 assessed valuation. In Berkeley, a city of comparable size, the city tax rate by contrast is almost \$3 because it does not have public power. Clearly Palo Alto uses power revenue as a big tax subsidy.

If we add the \$400,000 in user savings to the \$1,327,000 in utility revenue, the total annual benefit of public power approaches \$2 million. Palo Alto also has an \$8 million investment in a modern and efficient electric utility system which, at the rate of under-grounding, will be entirely sub-surface by 1980.

San Francisco's profits from public power would total about \$30 million a year by scaling up these figures from Palo Alto. It would more than double the city's current Hetch Hetchy power revenues.

This sum would undoubtedly rise much higher because San Francisco has an extremely high meter density, with its packed in housing, and because the city of course generates its own power. Palo Alto buys federal power wheeled over PG&E lines.

Politically, it would be difficult to establish a municipal power system in San Francisco. A ninth bond issue, even a modest one to complete the line from Newark, would surely be defeated by the PG&E/Ex/Chron combine. Sacramento is the most recent California city to buy out PG&E; even with the forthright support of the Sacramento Bee, it took a terrific battle to defeat PG&E's well-heeled campaign.

In Berkeley, where the Berkeley Coalition has made public power an issue in the April council election, PG&E agents call on the Berkeley Gazette almost daily to keep the newspaper in line.

The best course in San Francisco is to illuminate the issues as this article has done, then dramatize them in this fall's supervisory campaign (see editorial, p. 8). There are several ways San Francisco can proceed: one is to gradually acquire its own system by putting in its own lines during redevelopment construction; another is to get acquisition capital through the non-profit corporation method of financing used with Candlestick Park and parking garages.

Since Ickes two decades ago, the Interior Department has been notoriously lax in pushing San Francisco to enforce the Raker Act. James Carr stepped out of this don't-ruffle-PG&E-atmosphere in Interior to become San Francisco's general utilities manager. He has kept PG&E's monopoly intact, untroubled and unquestioned in San Francisco.

I asked Carr, shortly after he took office in 1964, when the city would enforce the Raker Act. Carr replied in a letter, 51 years after the Raker passed as the Magna Carta of public power, that it was "premature to discuss municipal distribution of power in San Francisco." In March, 1969, it still is.

THE END

How to 'Hetch Hetchy'

(A Chronology)

- 1902** SF City Engineer Grunsky develops a plan to pump Hetch Hetchy water in Yosemite National Park to a thirsty San Francisco.
- 1912** The Freeman Plan calls for a gravity-flow system with hydro electric plants on the Tuolumne River. The Board of Supervisors publishes a book, large and glossy, showing that the proposed works would beautify Hetch Hetchy and make cheap water and power available to SF.
- 1913** Congress passes the Raker Act (HR 7207) granting, with strict provisions, water and power rights to the City & County of San Francisco.
The two key sections: Section 6:
"That the grantee is prohibited from ever selling or letting to any corporation or individual, except a municipality or municipal water district or irrigation district, the right to sell or sublet the water or the electric energy sold or given to water or the electric energy sold or given to it or him by the said grantee: Provided, that the rights hereby granted shall not be sold, assigned, or transferred to any private person, corporation, or association, and in case of any attempt to so sell, assign, transfer, or convey, this grant shall revert to the Government of the United States."
Section 9 outlines enforcement procedures:
"...the grantee shall at all times comply with the observe on its part all the conditions specified in this Act, and in the event that the same are not reasonably complied with the carried out by the grantee, upon written request of the Secretary of the Interior, it is made the duty of the Attorney General in the name of the United States to commence all necessary suits or proceedings in the proper court having jurisdiction thereof..."
- 1923** The City purchases enough copper transmission cable to reach from Hetch Hetchy to San Francisco.
- 1925** San Francisco builds a great powerhouse on Moccasin Creek in the low Sierra and the transmission line was started to the city. Suddenly, word comes from city hall that further construction funds were exhausted: just as the line conveniently reaches PG&E's substation in Newark, just after PG&E conveniently completes a high voltage line from SF to Newark. PG&E refuses to sell its SF system to the city, then inveigles SF to put up a PG&E tollgate in Newark. PG&E got the city's power cheap, then jacks up the rate for wheeling it the remaining 40 miles to SF consumers. (See 1941.) Every supervisor for this contract was defeated handily in the 1925 supervisory election.
- 1927** First of eight bond issues to create an SF municipal power system as required by Raker Act. PG&E, its powerful political allies and the newspapers only manage to narrowly defeat the bonds: 52,215 for, 50,727 against on a 2/3rds vote. PG&E's alliance gets stronger as the press in later years more and more shuts off the truth about San Francisco's pledges, under the Raker Act. Now, you see hardly a word.
- 1933** Interior Secretary Ickes takes office. Begins study of 1925 contract.
- 1935** Ickes grumbles about PG&E and Hetch Hetchy. City sells the unused cable for scrap.
- 1937** Ickes files suit in Federal District Court, charging San Francisco with violation of Sec. 6.
- 1938** Federal District Court rules in favor of the government; the city appeals.
- 1939** Circuit Court of Appeals reverses the District Court; government appeals to the US Supreme Court.
- 1940** Supreme Court upholds the Government, remands the case to the District Court. The Supreme Court made liberal reference to the original debate on the Raker Act and aid in part.
"From the Congressional debates on the passage of the Raker Act can be read a common understanding both on the part of sponsors of the Bill and its opponents that the grant was to be so conditioned as to require municipal performance of the function of supplying Hetch Hetchy water and electric power directly to the ultimate consumers."
Again: "Before final passage in the Senate opposition had practically narrowed down to the power provisions of the measure, and these provisions contemplated a publicly owned and operated power system". San Francisco readied its eighth and last bond issue.
- 1941** Ickes comes to SF and gives a speech at the Civic Auditorium urging passage of the bond issues on Nov. 4. Chronicle runs front page editorials and nasty, misleading cartoons against the power bonds. Citizens committee is formed to fight the power bonds and amend the Raker Act. Chairman is J.W. Mailliard of the politically prominent family, a member is Walter Haas of Levi Strauss.
Committee states "We are not committed to private ownership nor to public ownership." The bonds were defeated and Rep. Tom Rolph (brother of Mayor James Rolph) introduced a bill to amend the Raker Act. Hearings were held in Washington and San Francisco. Bill died in committee.
- 1941** A quick glimpse of PG&E's surcharge on SF public power (unreported here) emerges in the House Public Lands Committee hearing in Washington. PG&E buys Hetch Hetchy power at Newark for \$2,400,000 a year, then resells it to SF consumers for \$9,000,000, testimony showed. The total overcharge: \$6,600,000. It is difficult, almost impossible The Guardian found, to determine how long this illegal sale continued and how much city users were overcharged.
- 1944** Ickes coins the phrase "to Hetch Hetchy" in a Commonwealth Club speech. Means "to confuse and confound the public by adroit acts and deceptive word in order to turn to private corporate profit a trust set up for the people."
- 1949** Walter Haas elected to the board of PG&E.
- 1955** Rep. Engle introduces a bill to create a new irrigation district on the Tuolumne River. In the hearings, Engle proves that Hetch Hetchy power sold to Turlock & Modesto Irrigation districts was resold to PG&E in violation of a 1945 proviso by Ickes. City Atty. Dion Holm agrees Raker Act requires a municipal system and says "...we are minus that for the time being, which one day we will have."
- 1964** James Carr assumes post as manager of SF utilities. Comes from an interior department notoriously lax, since Ickes, in trying to enforce the Raker Act. His brother, Francis Carr, was until 1966 manager of PG&E's tax department. Neilands asks Carr when the city will enforce the Raker act and Carr replies, 51 years after Raker Act passes, that "...it is premature to discuss municipal distribution of power in San Francisco..."
- 1965** Neilands writes similarly to Frank Barry, solicitor of the interior, Says Barry, "...we know of no means by which the US can require the city to acquire the municipal distribution system..."
- 1969** Oral Moore, manager of Hetch Hetchy, tells the Guardian that the city has no plans to enforce the Raker Act.



A typically misleading SF Chronicle cartoon just before the 1941 bond election to buy out PG&E's distribution system. Eliza San Francisco tries to escape Simon Legree (public power supporters) with two bundles of PG&E revenue to the city. The point: SF would profit much, much more with its own power distribution system. (See story and 1925 item in "Chronology.")

plenty of power through their own generating plants at Don Pedro and La Grange.

To determine if this unlawful transfer of power continues, the following data is required: (1) hourly production by district generating plants; (2) simultaneous receipt by the districts from Hetch Hetchy; (3) simultaneous delivery from the districts to PG&E. The Interior Department has refused my repeated requests for this public information.

We are left with a significant remark in the Modesto District's 1967-68 annual report: "These once bitter enemies, the irrigation districts and San Francisco, work in close harmony toward the full economic development of the water and power resources of the Tuolumne River watershed."

And, I might ask, in supplying power to PG&E in violation of the Raker Act? Because of the power, the money and the chicanery involved, only something on the order of a congressional investigation will turn up the facts.

As a result of PG&E's influence, Hetch Hetchy's formidable power output is dribbled away in a fragmented pattern that brings rela-

the city treasury.)

Hetch Hetchy power goes to the airport, Muni and street lights. Everything else, notably the lucrative, tightly packed retail market that forms the base of PG&E's empire, is served by PG&E.

The big steal

What does San Francisco lose without its own system to distribute its own power? Three key points: (1) a lower use rate for business and residences, (2) a new source of city income (much, much more than PG&E taxes bring), and (3) a substantially lower city tax rate because of this massive tax subsidy.

Let us compare SF with Palo Alto, a city with a municipal system since 1898, and see how these benefits accrue.

(1) Lower user rate: Palo Alto's municipal rate for KWH is \$5.65, PG&E's in San Francisco is \$6.20. This means that power per user is about \$20 cheaper a year in Palo Alto and owners of Palo Alto's 20,000 meters would save some \$400,000. (PG&E charges much higher rates around Palo Alto--in Menlo Park, for example, 250



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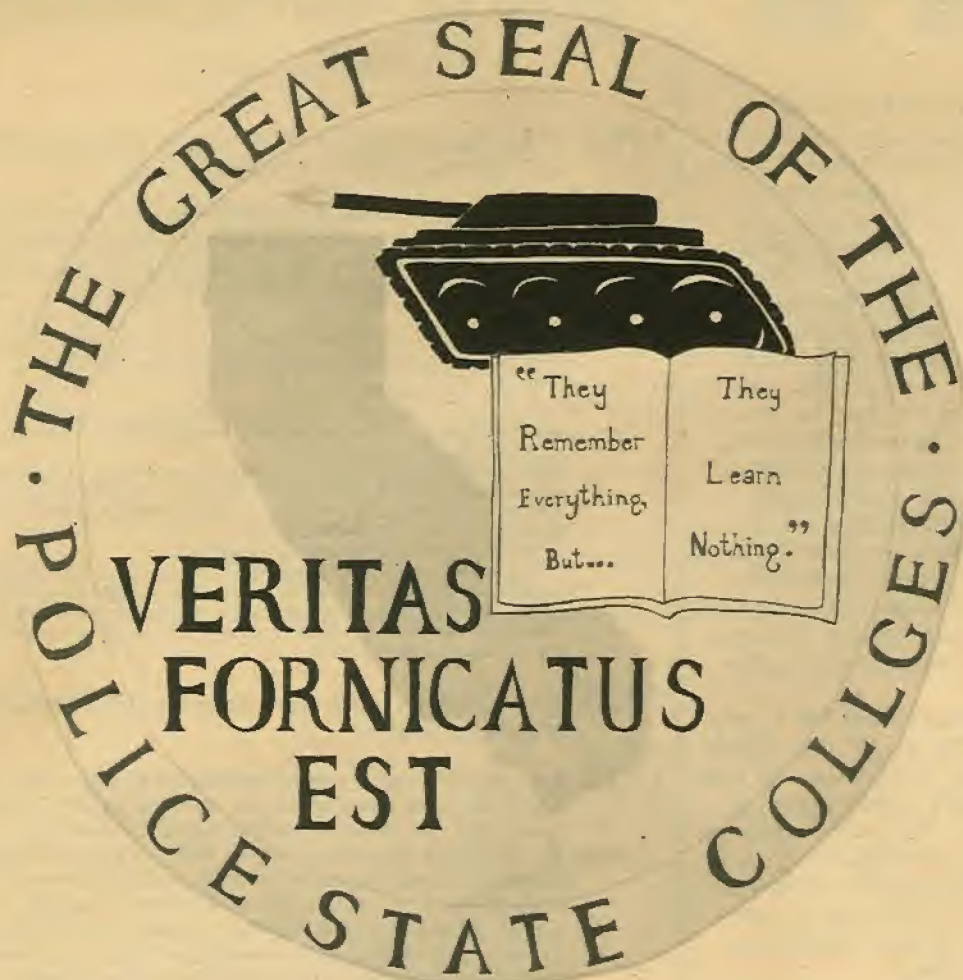
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The art of revolution

When I was in Mexico City last October, there were posters on walls, on fences, on lightpoles, showing a dark-skinned man with his mouth chained shut. **LIBERTAD DE EXPRESSION**, the posters read.

It is not safe to be here: I am in the home of a student strike leader, he is here only because the government and the striking high school and college students have called a truce during the Olympics. But you never know.

He tells me of a friend who was pasting up one of these posters, and a cop spotted him, and shot him. "And now he is dead," the student says. "For putting up a poster."

In the first marches—huge marches, hundreds of thousands of students and teachers and working people fill the streets—the posters are vague. **FREEDOM OF SPEECH REPRESSION**. But soon the young artists focus in on President Díaz-Ordaz himself.

The scene changes, December, the Commons at San Francisco State. Six thousand students in front of the speaker's stand, gathered here despite the fact that Hayakawa has declared all such assemblies illegal. And the posters that jut into the crisp, sunny air are beginning to focus in.

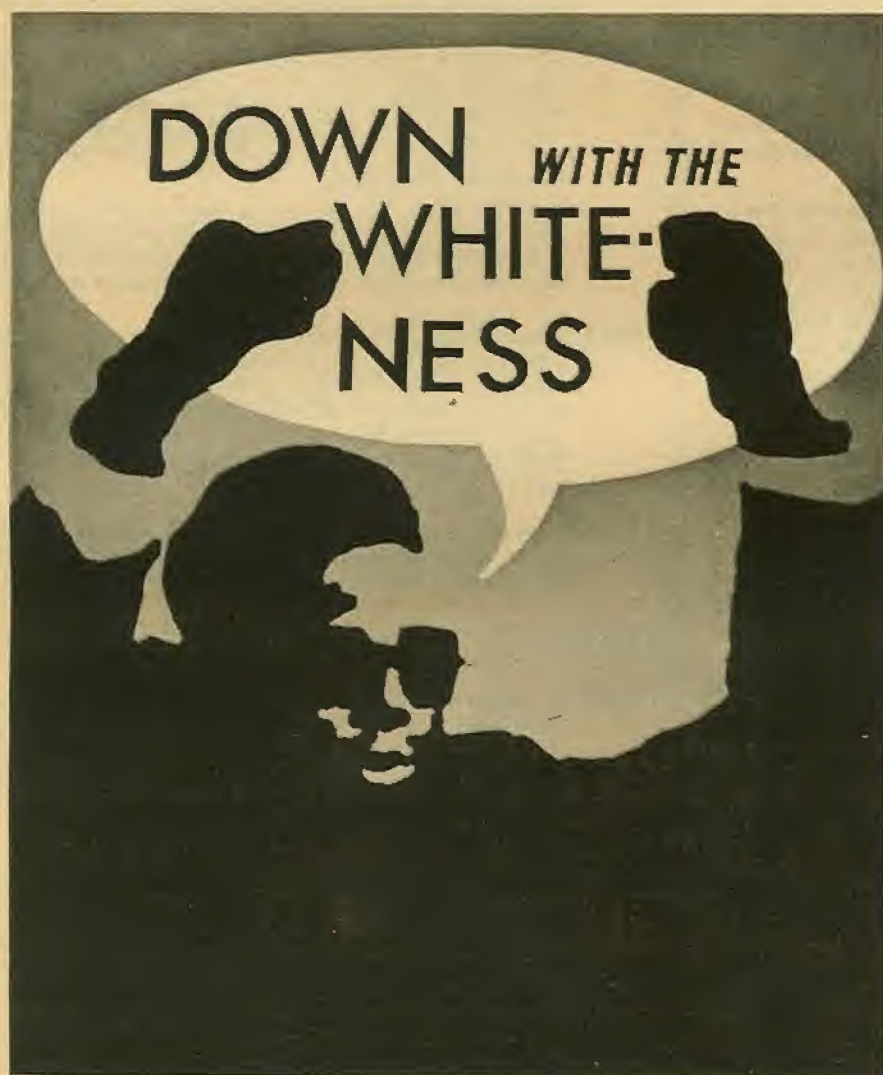
SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE, reads one, with a picture of a jock-

strap in red-white-and-blue. Hayakawa has urged non-striking students to wear blue armbands, so here is Hayakawa's face on another poster, a blue armband tied like a blindfold around the acting president's eyes.

Two S.F. State strike posters will appear in a Random House book on revolutionary art, including posters from Paris and Cuba.

Some have been exhibited at the U.C. Medical Center and at the Jewish Museum in New York. Hand silkscreened in limited editions, they and other revolutionary posters are available through a shop called the U.S.A., at 2814-25th St., phone 285-7161.

—Wilbur Wood



TELL SAM
OUR **600** CAN'T
HANDLE THEIR **50!**

